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"WE call a nettle but a nettle, and
The faults of fools but folly."

CORIOLANUS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Germans have a new Commander-in-Chief of an army group on the Western Front, General von Gallwitz, but there are no signs yet of the great offensive. Artillery fire continues briskly at intervals, and various effective raids have been made on our side, but these activities have been overshadowed by the fine and persistent successes of our airmen. On Saturday, Zweibrücken, and on Sunday Kaiserslautern, both in the Rhine Palatinate, were bombed, and, in spite of attacks by hostile scouts, all our machines returned safely in each case. They returned also unscathed from Mannheim which was bombed for the third time on Monday. Two aeroplanes of the two formations which attacked them being driven down out of control and the rest put to flight.

On Sunday our men attacked three aerodromes and numerous rest billets and brought down three machines without any loss to themselves. As the result of the day's work 18 German machines were brought down, 8 driven out of control, and an observation balloon destroyed, four of our machines being missing. In the week ending March 17th, 131 enemy machines were brought down with a loss on our side of 23. On Monday the fighting is described as "exceedingly intense," being carried out by large formations on each side. Our losses were unusually heavy—12 machines—but we brought down 19 of the enemy, and drove down 9 out of control.

It was inevitable that Mr. Dillon should succeed Mr. Redmond as leader of the Nationalist Party, but for their prospects the choice is unfortunate. Mr. Dillon is cantankerous, and his method of debate is harsh and repellent. He has always discovered a bitter hatred of England, which no courtesy or concession can soften. The leaders of the Irish Nationalists stand to the Sinn Feiners much in the same relation as the Trade Union officials to the shop stewards. In all revolutionary movements, younger and more extreme men spring up and push out the moderate elders. A younger man, with some of the graces of Irish eloquence and some remnants of the old Irish wit and humour, which seem to have disappeared, might possibly have saved the Nationalist position: but Mr. Dillon never.

The only practical solution of the Irish question is to allot Ireland its place in the Federal System, which sooner or later we must adopt for the United or rather Disunited Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Now that Socialism expects the State to superintend every action of our lives from the cradle to the grave, it is obvious that the only way of meeting this demand is to create provincial or (as they call them across the Atlantic) State legislatures, which shall relieve the Imperial Parliament of duties which it cannot discharge, because it has not the time. When we remember that Bills have been introduced for plumbers, midwives, dentists, and playgrounds, we see that Federation is inevitable. Whether there should be one or two State legislatures for England and for Ireland is the difficulty.

We should have thought that the problem of the six Counties of Ulster and the rest of Ireland was almost identical with that of the provinces of Quebec and Ontario in Canada. There is the same religious question: Roman Catholics on one side and Protestants on the other. The racial cleavage, however, is not quite the same. The province of Quebec is peopled by a large majority of French Catholics, some Irish Catholics, and the rest English, Scotch and Irish Protestants. Though there are no Frenchmen in Ireland, we think the cleavage between Ulster and the rest of Ireland strong and definite enough to justify two State legislatures, though we are told most Irishmen oppose this. But what of England? Is England not populous enough to justify a State legislature at York and another at Oxford? We should heartily welcome the Federal System for England, where the Conservatives are always a majority: but we shall be sorry for our friends in Scotland.

In the *Times* of Tuesday we read the following winged words in a letter, printed in leaded type:—
"This country and the whole world demand instant

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TELEGRAMS:—

"INFUSORY-GRACE, LONDON"

and final emancipation from world tyranny and the strangling of democratic hopes. The whole world asks for peace and liberty for a world democracy, pure, free as our own, and asks for it now and for all time. British Labour holds the lever in its hand to win all and win it now. No negotiations, no patchwork peace. War, complete, irresistible. Death to tyrant foes. Strike here and now." We had no idea British Labour could do all these things, and can only wonder why it doesn't begin. "Strike here and now" it occasionally does, but not exactly in the sense Lord Channing means. These Tyrtæan strains will doubtless carry terror into the hearts of Hindenburg and Ludendorf, and they explain the fury of Hertling. Perhaps their rage and terror might be lessened if they knew that the lyre-twanger was a retired, elderly, and quite harmless politician, now perambulating the parade at Eastbourne.

It is impossible not to sympathise with the dangerous and harassed position of Holland between the Central Empires and the Entente Allies. The Dutch Premier could be so happy with either "were t'other dear charmer away"! He is doing his best to please both parties, but it is a desperate job. Holland sees starvation looming on the horizon, and her Government first applied to the Germans to know if they could guarantee the delivery of 100,000 tons of wheat by 15th April. The Germans shouted "No"; and then the Dutch Government turned to the Entente, called by it "the Associated Powers," who agreed to guarantee the delivery of 100,000 tons of wheat if they used all Dutch ships now in Allied ports. The Dutch Government, obviously under German pressure, attach to the agreement for the use of their ships such conditions as that the ships must carry no troops or munitions of war, and must sail unarmed through the danger zone; also that all ships destroyed must be replaced after the war.

It is clear why the Germans have forced the Dutch to attach these conditions to the agreement. The ships unarmed, and laden with grain, will be a defenceless booty for the German U boats and destroyers, who will seize them and carry them into German ports. They will keep three-fourths of the wheat for themselves, hand a fourth to the Dutch to keep them from starving, and destroy the ships, which the Allies will have to replace. It would be a thoroughly German procedure.

Japan has a Constitution modelled on the British, with a House of Peers, a House of Representatives (381 members), a Cabinet and a Prime Minister, who is theoretically (as here) the servant of the Crown, but dependent (as here) on a parliamentary majority. Electors for the House of Representatives must be male Japanese subjects, not less than 25 years of age, and paying direct taxes to the Central Government of not less than 10 yen (£1) a year. This gives an electorate of 1,500,000 out of a population of 56,000,000. This Constitution is only thirty years old, having been adopted in 1888.

As in the case of all new Constitutions (and some old ones) theory and practice do not always square, and there is a little confusion. The Prime Minister and his Cabinet are supposed to be dependent on a party vote in the House of Representatives. But in reality the Emperor of Japan is perhaps as autocratic as the Kaiser, though he is carefully screened from observation or even criticism. The really decisive power in Japan is behind the throne, a small band, sometimes not more than three or four, of "the elder statesmen or *genro*." These are always experienced administrators, tested by long service in high posts, and they are in the closest and most intimate relations with the Mikado, whom they guide. The profusion with which the Mikado confers titles on the leading statesmen gives the impression that Japan is ruled by its aristocracy. But this is not so. Most Japanese statesmen

have risen from the middle class, but they are quickly, and wisely, made Count, Prince or Marquis. The celebrated Prince Ito began his career as "plain Mister." The Marquis Saionji, one of the present *genro*, is an exception, being of ancient family.

By her treaty with Great Britain (1905) Japan is only bound to assist in waging war in the Far East. If Japan sends troops into Siberia it will be beyond her bond, and, as we said last week, Japanese statesmen are as realistic as the Germans. If they are to come to the assistance of the White Powers in the West, they want to know what they are to get out of a business which is not included in their treaty obligations. It is probable that they have demanded, amongst other things, the removal of the restrictions on the admission of Japanese to the United States and the British Dominions. Remembering Mr. Churchill's agitation against Chinese labour in 1906, the American and British Governments are no doubt afraid of the Labour votes, if they admit the yellow races on the same terms as the white.

It is all very well for Mr. Balfour to make a sympathetic speech about helping and guiding Russia now. It is too late. Why did he not think of that a year ago when the Tsar's government was on the razor-edge of revolution? To anyone who had studied the state of Russia, or who had read the reports and despatches from the Petrograd Embassy, it must have been obvious that, however bad the Tsar's Government, it was madness to attempt a revolution in the middle of the war. Did Mr. Balfour read the reports and despatches which were written from Petrograd by the British Embassy between December 1916, when he became Foreign Secretary, and March 1917? If he did, what instructions were given to Lord Milner when he was sent to Petrograd? Nobody expects Mr. Lloyd George to know anything about the history of revolutions: but Mr. Balfour and Lord Milner are expected to know.

It is reassuring to learn from a casual interjection by Mr. Herbert Fisher that no steps will be taken to put the Education Bill in operation until after the war. If that is so, why settle the clauses of the Bill while most of the teachers and the parents are absent at the front? It is disquieting, too, to discover that Mr. Fisher, in estimating the cost of the Bill at £10,000,000, left out Ireland and Scotland. According to Mr. Lough, the new cost will be £16,000,000 or £17,000,000, which added to the existing expenditure of £25,000,000, and the new contribution from the rates will bring the total expense to about £60,000,000 or £70,000,000 a year. The cost of pensions will probably amount to a similar figure, and these items added to interest on debt, and ordinary pre-war expenditure, will mean a tax-revenue of some £700,000,000 or £800,000,000 a year. As Mr. Asquith would say, "We are getting on." The second reading of the Education Bill was passed without a division on Monday. What authority has the present Rump Parliament, now in the eighth year of its amended existence, to pass any measures but those necessary for the waging of the war?

Boycotting is not a new or original method of annoying those who differ from you in opinion, but it is easy. The Press Gang have naturally adopted a press boycott against all who dare to differ from or oppose the present Bureaucracy. The National Alliance of Employers and Employed held a meeting last week at the Mansion House with the Lord Mayor in the chair, supported by Mr. Huth Jackson, Sir Richard Vassar-Smith, Sir Algernon Firth, Mr. Havelock Wilson, Sir William Robertson, and many other men of light and leading. Whether it was the presence of Sir William Robertson, or whether it was Mr. Huth Jackson's loudly cheered remark that after the war, "we want to see most, if not all, of the new Ministers and Controllers (or whatever they are

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called), who have sprung up like mushrooms during the war, disappear as soon as possible," the Northcliffe press boycotted the meeting.

The *Daily Telegraph*, the *Daily News*, the *Morning Post*, the *Daily Chronicle*, all gave full reports of the meeting: in the Northcliffe papers not a line. The objects of the Alliance are patriotic and non-partisan, namely, demobilisation and replacement after the war. The names of the men at its head speak for themselves. But it is adverse to the mushroom bureaucrats, and therefore it is banned by the Press Gang. In the reporting of the debates in Parliament the Press Gang boycott is in full swing and is more serious. The reputation of young politicians may be made or marred by the reporters' gallery. Anyone who attacks the Government or Lord Northcliffe is ignored, or made to look absurd by garbled extracts. In old days the reports were scrupulously fair, and judicially apportioned; but the Press Gang does not tolerate opposition or criticism, and has no use for anyone but sycophants and flatterers. Mr. S. L. Hughes's chaff was, of course, the most insidious form of compliment to Lord Northcliffe. We hear it was duly appreciated.

On Saturday night the Metropolis was within an ace of being plunged in darkness for two or three nights because of the 12½ per cent. bonus. There is something very ugly and disquieting about the Union Secretary's boast that London had a narrow squeak, and that now "we are all quiet and calm again," because "our demands" have been granted. It throws a horrible glare upon the insecurity in which the community lives, and the kind of civil war which organized labour has been waging for some years upon its fellow citizens. It is literally a case of "hands up, or I fire;" and when we think of the absolute helplessness of society, we stand astonished at the moderation of these gentry. If these electrical hands were to say, "We shall draw the fires and stop all work at the generating stations, unless you give us a bonus of 50 or 100 or 500 per cent.," what could we say? Of course, if time is given, the strikers' places may be temporarily filled. But to come on a Saturday night and threaten to stop the light, is Hunnish behaviour. It is, we fear, symptomatic.

Sir George Alexander was not a great actor, but he was extremely accomplished in his profession and able enough to have achieved distinction in almost any career he chose to adopt. He had many interests outside of the theatre. He was interested in literature and art; he had a sound knowledge of business and public life; he had many friends outside the circle of his profession, or of those who make a point of cultivating his profession socially. His productions, like his theatre, were always superlatively well managed. Unlike most actors and managers, he was an excellent judge of a play, and, when he made a mistake, it was usually an honourable mistake in the right direction. Kensington required him as an actor to appear in fashionable comedy, to the neglect of the better work for which he was remarkably well qualified. In ordinary life Sir George cast himself for a charming part, and he filled it to such perfection that we often felt he would have been happier in an age which set a higher value upon deportment.

From the constant discussion and advertisement of venereal disease (carried to the point of nausea), we thought all false delicacy on the subject had been got rid of. But it appears that in the House of Commons, owing to the fear of losing a few fanatical votes, hypocrisy and cowardice about *maisons tolérées* are still practised. Which is the greater evil, that numbers of soldiers should return with venereal disease to infect future generations, or that they should visit houses under medical inspection, in which the French see no harm? Of course the ideal thing would be that our soldiers should do neither: but then as Kipling re-

marked long ago, soldiers are not "plaster saints," but "single men in barracks very much like you or me."

Part of the prejudice and suspicion which envelops the Marconi Company arises from its constant appearance in the Law Courts, and its constant escape therefrom under cover of a compromise or an arbitration. Mr. Godfrey Isaacs has accused Sir Charles Hobhouse, when Post Master General, of having gone to Berlin in the spring of 1914 and endeavoured to get the Telefunken, a German Wireless Company, to make a competing tender to the British Government at the time the contract with the Marconi Company was being negotiated. Sir Charles Hobhouse told the House of Commons on Tuesday that he went to Berlin with Sir Henry Norman to gain information about wireless telegraphy, but denies that he asked the Telefunken to make a competing bid. Mr. Godfrey Isaacs has replied that Sir Charles Hobhouse is a liar, and invites him to come outside; to which Sir Charles rejoins yah! (in journalese, of course).

The debate on shipbuilding shows that since 1914 British mercantile tonnage has been destroyed to the extent of one-fifth, or 20 per cent. Unfortunately this figure does not include damages which have to be repaired, and are an important item in estimating the present position. The 20 per cent. is the balance or net loss, after deducting the new ships built. In order to equalise losses and gains, and so nullify the present rate of U-boat destruction, 120,000 more tons per month must be turned out by our shipbuilding yards. In the last quarter of 1917 the total loss to Allied and neutral shipping was 1,200,000 tons, which is the lowest quarter of sinkings since intensive U-boat warfare began. Lord Pirrie, the head of Harland and Wolff, has been appointed Controller of Commercial Construction: he will be under the Admiralty, and will act in co-ordination with Sir Joseph Maclay.

Much of the decline in the output of tonnage has been caused by the hasty and indiscriminate withdrawal of men from the yards for the army, and in some cases for munition works. The Prime Minister promised that men in the Home Army would be restored to the yards, but he declared that it would be impossible to withdraw many men from the armies at the front. But the serious diminution of construction during the first two months of this year was due to strikes on the Clyde and elsewhere. On this subject an ominous silence was maintained by Sir Eric Geddes and Mr. Lloyd George, and indeed by all who spoke in the debate. The First Lord of the Admiralty withdrew none of the charges which he had made against labour. From this we infer that, below the surface the labour question is very serious. There was also a conspicuous absence of boasting or prophecy about enemy submarines, for which we are thankful.

By the new Curfew regulations, all theatrical performances must stop at 10.30; no hot meal must be served in restaurant, hotel, or club after 9.30; and all dining and coffee-rooms must be closed at 10. This means that the theatres must begin at 7 instead of 8; and that people must dine at 5.30 or 6, and as there will be no possibility of getting supper anywhere after the play, theatre-goers will have to sleep on very empty stomachs. To the clubs the new regulation will make little or no difference. Hardly anybody takes supper in his club, and indeed supper is more a woman's than a man's meal. "Always rise hungry from table," our doctor used to command, but we never obeyed him until now. The West End doctors agree that the general health is better than it was: but then they are speaking of a class that always ate too much. We do not know what the results are upon the young or the handworkers.

Lord Parmoor raised a debate on the "League of Nations" in the House of Lords which Lord Curzon got adjourned. Although no practical result can flow

from these discussions at the moment, it is well to ventilate the subject. All the Peers who support the idea, Lords Parmoor, Loreburn and Lansdowne, are apparently agreed that the League would be no use unless it included the Central Empires. In the present state of feeling, none of the Entente Powers would associate themselves with Germany in a League: and though men have short memories—everybody flocked to Paris within ten years of the "September Massacres"—we are sure the determination not to have any association with Germany will last at least a decade, perhaps twice as long.

It is difficult to judge what goes on in Parliament nowadays, as the reports are curtailed and garbled. But apparently Lord Selborne's renewed attempt to condemn the sale of honours was a frost. Perhaps it deserved to be, as Lord Selborne made the mistake of mentioning a baronetcy and a few knighthoods conferred on provincial mayors. Nobody cares about the small fry, and truly a man who has been chosen mayor several times deserves a knighthood quite as much as a civil servant or party hack. Setting forth the services in the gazette will not cure corruption, for it is easy to produce a string of worthless achievements. The greatest difficulty would occur with the greatest men. Would it not be an insult to a Tennyson, a Disraeli, a Turner, or a Newton, to enumerate their services? What we dislike most is the usurpation of these grants by the Prime Minister: they belong to the King, and to him should be restored.

For a long time we refused to believe that the Lichnowsky papers, published in Stockholm, were genuine. We regarded them as a fake, because we never yet knew a German who admitted that his country was wrong. It now appears that Prince Lichnowsky drew up a memorandum of the closing days of his Embassy in London, and had a few copies printed for circulation among his friends, which was certainly a most imprudent thing to do, and discovered a child-like trust in his countrymen. By what the Prince rightly calls "an unparalleled breach of confidence," a copy was sent to Stockholm, and duly appeared in the newspapers. It is an indictment of Germany, which historians will accept as conclusive. It records the repeated and earnest endeavours of Sir Edward Grey to preserve peace, and the settled will of Germany to make war. It expresses a contemptuous opinion of the clumsiness of German diplomacy, which, just as the French desire for *revanche* was going to sleep, awakened it by treading on their toes. We are not surprised that the Prince has been deprived of his ambassadorial rank, and is in Germany spoken of as a dotard.

The *Saturday Review* was the first paper to draw attention to the shortcomings of the Bank of England, and to advocate the repeal or reform of Peel's Bank Act. It is gratifying to us to read that at the half-yearly meeting of the proprietors of the Bank of England on Thursday, the Governor, Lord Cunliffe, adopted our views in substance, and admitted that the Bank Act must be modified. Lord Cunliffe apparently prefers to wait until after the war before interfering with so delicate a machine as credit. Strongly as we object to the various revolutionary changes in legislation that have been pushed through Parliament under cover of the war, we are not sure that the amendment or repeal of the Bank Act can wait until the coming of peace. A draft Bill ought at once to be settled by the Treasury Counsel, and then referred to an extra-parliamentary Committee of experts, who should be drawn from the Chambers of Commerce as well as from banking and financial circles—and this Committee should be distinct from the Currency Committee recently appointed.

PEACE AND WAR.

A WEEK ago London was humming with the wildest rumours of peace. Germany had bought off France by a guarantee of the Russian debt: Italy was going out of the war: the Americans had declared war on Japan: Britain would carry on a naval war alone: we were on the eve of peace—such were some of the grotesque canards that flew through the lips of men this day sennight. Others would have it that the Germans were so overjoyed with their Russian success that they had turned human beings, and were offering to give up everything in the West, Belgium, the occupied France, and Alsace-Lorraine. The only discoverable facts were that the French and Italian Premiers, accompanied by their Chiefs of the Staff, were in London for an Allied Council; and that a prominent Nonconformist M.P., after breakfasting with the Prime Minister, had hurried off to a meeting to which he whispered that we were on the eve of a momentous decision, and that Mr. Lloyd George had need of their prayers. For our part we failed to see any reason why the Central Empires should be suitors of peace at this moment, nor did we believe that they were. On the contrary, it appeared to us that the war was entering upon a new and terrible phase, which could not but be a long one. During the last twelve months seven hospital ships, carrying wounded men, nurses and doctors, have been torpedoed, without an attempt made by the enemy to rescue those on board. A week or ten days ago some sixty aircraft, of various kinds, dropped bombs on Paris, and no day or night passes that attacks are not made by aircraft on open towns. This means that war, with all its hideous resources of science, has been deliberately extended by the Germans so as to include the entire non-combatant populations of its enemies. The rough soldiers of the Middle Age would have blushed to do what the spruce and dapper colonels of Kultur have forced their men to do. When the French and English were fighting one another in the Peninsula, under generals like Moore and Wellington and Soult, it was the custom for one general to send word to the other of the hour at which he would attack next morning, so that the videttes might be spared. But the chivalry of war is gone, for when one side abandons it, the other side must counter by reprisals. Not only all the armies, but all the populations, men, women and children, of the world are at war with one another, and that must be a long business. Many years ago Heine warned the French, and through them the world, to be on their guard against his countrymen. "It is the fairest merit of Christianity that it somewhat mitigated that brutal German *gaudium certaminis* or joy in battle, but it could not destroy it. And should that subduing talisman, the Cross, break, then will come crashing and roaring forth the wild madness of the old champions, the insane Berserker rage, of which Northern poets say and sing. That talisman is brittle, and the day will come when it will pitifully break." That day has come: the Cross is broken; and there is being and to be played in Europe a drama, compared with which the French Revolution is an innocent idyll.

It is not only the extension of the war to non-combatants that promises a prolongation of the struggle. The denunciation of the Brest treaty by the Entente Powers opens up a long vista of wars and revolutions. In addition to the tasks of crushing Prussian militarism and democratising Europe, our diplomats have now taken on the job of ripping up the Brest treaty, and reconstructing the Russias (covering half the Western hemisphere and peopled by hundreds of millions of illiterate peasants), on the lines of self-determination. When the governments of France and Britain had the opportunity of guiding and protecting Russia from the madness of anarchy, they did nothing but sing *paens* to glorious democracy. They allowed the Tsar to be deposed by a handful of brawling anarchists, lawyers and professors, some of them in the pay of Germany, and actually congratulated them on their performance! Now, when they see the results of their imbecile

diplomacy, when anarchy has been succeeded by collapse, and collapse by conquest, the Allied governments wring their hands over the fate of poor Russia, and lift up their voices in impotent denunciations of the brutality of the conqueror, who has merely received from their hands one of the richest and most easily governed countries in the world. Have the Entente Powers even now any considered Foreign Policy? They are giving the word to their kept journals to slobber over the Japanese, whom a few years ago they kept at arm's length as yellow barbarians, because they fancy that the Japanese troops may snatch a portion of the treasure, which they threw away, from the grip of Germany. Have they ever considered how the Russian moujik of Siberia, unable to read or write and deeply superstitious, may envisage the little yellow soldiers of Japan? The moujik has seen him before, as an enemy; and as his ideas of foreign policy are not internationalised, as an enemy he probably will still regard the Japanese invader. How if the Russians side with the Germans against the Japanese? Can we be surprised—those of us who are not anarchists—if the border provinces, Livonia, Courland, Lithuania, Estonia, Poland, prefer even the regimentation of Prussia to the liberty of Trotsky and Lenin? We have it on good authority that even now unarmed citizens are dragged out of the trains in Russia and hanged in the station for the crime of *bourgeoisie*. The new aim of the Entente Powers is to rescue Eastern Europe from Germany. That was a good policy before the Russian Revolution: now it is too late, for the probability is that the peoples of Eastern Europe will refuse to be rescued, preferring regimentation to murder, robbery, and internationalism. There is another contingency that does not seem to be appreciated. The Germans may re-constitute the Russian army; they may send drill-sergeants and officers to turn the moujik into a soldier, whom they will lead against the Western democracies.

There was a debate in the House of Commons on the proposal of Messrs. Trevelyan and Ponsonby to set up a Committee on Foreign Affairs. Mr. Balfour had little difficulty in exposing the absurdity and danger of a debating society on foreign policy. The foreign affairs committee of the American Senate has shown itself to be one of the most ignorant and quarrelsome bodies in the world, and nothing but their geographical position saved the United States from war long ago. In France there is a bureau or committee on foreign affairs. But, as we pointed out last week, French diplomacy has been completely outwitted by the Ministers of the Tsar for the last ten years. Sir Edward Grey is chiefly responsible for the ignorance and indifference of the British people on the chapter of foreign affairs. Whenever a member tried to get up a debate on the Foreign Office Vote, or asked a question, he was frowned down by Sir Edward Grey, and privately admonished by the Whips (on either side), because he might provoke Germany. What is wanted is not a committee on foreign affairs, but a Foreign Secretary with sufficient industry to read the reports and despatches, and sufficient courage and foresight to adopt a consistent policy. The very clever correspondent of the *Morning Post* at Petrograd wrote the other day that the only policy of the democratic diplomats was to wait and see what Germany did, and he caustically added that the wait-and-see diplomacy of glorious democracy would never win the war. The Russian republics—does democracy refuse to recognise them?—Poland, the Baltic and Balkan provinces, Turkey, Japan, China, and the United States, are all and each vitally interested in a group of political and economic questions, which will take a century to settle, and which it is childish to suppose can be settled by this war. Two things are needed in England: a Foreign Secretary with a practicable policy: and a Prime Minister who will give his whole mind to the war, undistracted by Irish Home Rule, Universal Franchise, Labour demands, Education Bills, and reconstruction of the House of Lords.

BLESSED ARE THE POOR.

THE parable has come true. Lazarus lies to-day in the bosom of Abraham while Dives moistens his lips in vain for a little light wine. The crimes of Dives, committed in his days of nature, were too notorious. He was rich. He may even have ventured to gather his produce into barns. Justice must accordingly be done in order that the iniquitous, who are simply those who have more than their neighbours, may no longer flourish.

One would have thought that the rich (who in this connexion include all educated people sufficiently well-off to split a bottle of claret with a friend) were being sufficiently ill-used by the inevitable hardships of the time to satisfy even the *lazzaroni*. The well-to-do are losing their lives in the war, for they are as vulnerable as the poor to shot and shell. They are equally liable to be wrecked in health, or to be mutilated, or to lose their friends and sons and brothers. The less heroic or less serviceable well-to-do people who stay at home are equally with their compatriots in the trade unions liable to be raided from the air, to go to bed without butter or margarine, to suffer rudeness from the retail tradesmen, and to spend many hours of each week that passes in realising what Hamlet meant by including the insolence of office among the principal ills which flesh is heir to. People who read Latin or the novels of Henry James stand as frequently in queues, or register as infallibly with the wrong grocer, as people who could not understand a leading article in the *Times* even though it were saying precisely the same thing as a leading article in the *Evening News*. Neither a knowledge of Aristotle nor £500 a year can save us to-day from bread that is indigestible or tea that has been blended by the Government. But the croaking for Justice which animates the British working-classes can not be satisfied if the *bourgeoisie* (as we now call all those who have the most moderate possessions) merely suffer what they themselves are suffering. There must be a distinction—a distinction recognized by the authorities and accepted as a natural law—between the man who has a stocking, and the *sansculotte* who has kept himself uncontaminated by property of any kind and intends to do so as long as there are ways and means of spending all the money he can get.

The *sansculotte* had had his way. The distinction he desires is clearly recognised by our administrators. When there is a special shortage of beef or mutton the carcasses are hurried off to the East End of London; and, lest the ingenious *bourgeoisie* should equalise matters by attracting poultry and game to his dearer market, a rationing system has been devised which makes it virtually impossible for him to eat a chicken on Monday unless he is prepared to starve for the rest of the week. Special arrangements are made for the harvester's beer, and the Government seriously pre-occupy themselves with the thirst of the munition workers in Sheffield or Newcastle. But when the authorities find it impossible to slake the thirst of the handworkers they resolve that, so far as they can contrive it, the thirst of Mayfair or Kensington shall be as the thirst of Sahara. They endeavour to brew beer for the masses and regret that it cannot be done on a sufficiently large scale. But they lock away in the national vaults hundreds of thousands of bottles of light wine lest the whistle of the *bourgeois* should be too agreeably moistened. The Government satisfy the vindictiveness of the poorer classes in the interests of national unity. The Government speakers never lose an opportunity of assuring the poor that the rich shall on no account be allowed to command even such amenities as might even now be possible if the law were no respecter of poor persons. Moreover, it is not only the Government, but the well-to-do themselves, who accept the new doctrine that all men are equal, provided the *bourgeoisie* be no longer able to reap the reward of thrift or ability. People begin to be ashamed of any superior station they may happen to enjoy. Lord Rhondda when he talks to the masses blithely refers to his "old woman," trying thereby to give his auditors

impression that Lady Rhondda is seen as Mrs. Jones in the bonnet and shawl who wants to know why *she* should blanketly well have to go short of tea. The daily press publish facsimiles of the food card of an august Personage, which either means that somebody on behalf of this same Personage waits half-an-hour for fifteen-pennyworth of meat and three ounces of bacon weekly or is camouflage of a not very ingenious order. A new snobbery is coming into fashion. The handworkers are now the suet of the earth and our social aim must be to appear as nearly on an equality with them as possible. The only time we feel at all worthy to live or eligible for any sort of consideration by the authorities is on Sunday morning when we shoulder the spade and start for the allotment in clogs and, for the sake of appearances, the shabbiest coat we possess.

The latest plan for the humiliation of the bourgeoisie is Lord Rhondda's proposed re-arrangement of the meat ration. The idea, as it appears at present, is to pass a kind of Test Act by virtue of which the trade union secretary will be put into a privileged position as compared with those who have not accepted his tenets or discipline. The justification for this measure is a premiss that men in trade unions work harder than men outside them. We are not yet sure what form Lord Rhondda's supplementary ration scheme will take; but we know that the trade unions have been consulted, and we infer that the man who stands beside a machine all day in a factory will be better fed than the man who simply works ten hours a day with his head or is employed in some "sedentary" occupation. It is unfortunate that sedentary occupations should be necessary at all in war time. When so much of the nation's available food is required to strengthen the nation's biceps it is of course waste of precious substance to nourish the nation's mind. Unhappily, however, in war, as in peace, there are some who sit and some who stand and go. Sitting is unhealthy when it is unduly prolonged and combined with severe intellectual effort. It leads to indigestion, a deterioration of physique, a waste of the nerves and disproportionate expenditure of the grey matter of the brain. But who will sympathise? Has Lord Rhondda bothered to take expert medical advice as to the food required for mental and manual workers respectively? Has he given thought to the subject of a "fatless brain"—a subject which is at present greatly exercising the doctors in Germany and Austria? We should like to think that Lord Rhondda has considered these matters, even though he is not prepared with a remedy, but we fear it is not so. *Canaille oblige!*

A democratic Government will continue to regard the bourgeoisie as beneath consideration so long as the bourgeoisie continues to apologise for its existence. Let the well-to-do stand up henceforth for their rights.

THE KENNEDY SALE AT CHRISTIE'S.

NIHIL a me alienum. The motto of your universal collector suggests itself at the sight of these lights on the past life of Europe. Would you see how a fine lady, aping the gilded domesticities of the Trianon, worked at her loom? Well, here is her gold shuttle, enamelled in translucent white, with Chinese houses and birds in softest green to set it off. Or how her friend, the Abbé, took snuff? His snuff-box of multi-coloured gold will show you, though it yields to its lovely English rival, sparkling with gold leaves set in enamels. Here are boar spears of 1588 with the Imperial insignia; here a left-handed dagger; a Town Sword or rapier with the crest of a Cellini; a heavy German sporting rifle with its "humourous" motto; a war hammer and axe combined, probably Saxon, and not unlike the barbarous combination of spiked mace and truncheon of our enemies of to-day; here a gorgeous suit of tilting armour, blue-black with gold inlay of leaf sprays; there a breech loading arquebus of 1590, its barrel over a yard long, its stock engraved with the Rape of Helen. Are you for history? Here is that interesting relic, the Star Chamber Key of Charles II., bearing portraits of the King, whose

grandfather, Henri IV., is not far off, a finely carved little bust, set on an ivory pedestal, glancing across the case to his companion in busthood as in life, the wise and venerable Sully. Here is an ivory syrinx, the prettiest relic, surely, of classical antiquity; near it a vase of gold, part of the treasure of the Cnidian Aphrodite. Look at that "Dionysus," from the lost galley of Caligula, sunk in the mystic lake of Nemi; those ancient Etruscan *cistae*, with their Ionian athletes a-top and their combats and dæmons incised upon their sides; at that graceful folding bronze tripod with its busts and lions' feet, a sort of dumb-waiter, just the height for setting beside the banquet couch; that Mercury, with his purse, patron of travellers, memorial of the Latinised Gaul of the Early Empire.

Or would you revive the every-day doings of our ancestors? Consider this set: knife, fork and spoon in their tooled leather case, their ivory handles minutely carved with figures of children, recalling the skill of Fiammingo; or those solemn hour glasses, more insistent on death than any clock; or that Dutch box-wood knife and fork in their little box, with its 21 compartments containing figures of the Saints carved with a skill which Mr. W. E. Gladstone, in describing Disraeli's wit, called "devilish"; or that other spoon, made for some sacred purpose, with its New Testament scenes crowded on bowl and handle. And those silver-gilt triangular salt cellars, how entertaining they are, with their winged terminals and *amorini*, and that Flemish door-knocker of calm simplicity, with its figures of Nehemiah, Ezra and Zerubbabel, in a pure severe taste, worthy of the serene sculptures of Rheims as we once knew them. Here is a Louis XV. travelling inkpot; here fans which might have embarked with Watteau's ladies for Cythera; here a set of needlework chairs in which Esmond's mistress might have sat, with their stiff-laced ladies holding flowers or baskets, and attended by their Oriental servants; here two Henri II. chairs with their narrow backs and curved spindle arms. Would we see what craftsmen could do in days when there was leisure in life for ingenuity? Look at these rosary beads, scarcely an inch-and-a-half across, with their two wings representing, in Gothic tracery of incredible minuteness, scenes from the Life of Christ; or at these miniatures, some the fine flower of England art, that portrait attributed to Hone, of a lady with her caps and lappets, her green striped dress; and that curious portrait of Charles I. with its talk overlays showing the King in various dresses. There are ivories, secular and sacred; a set of German draughtsmen with profile portraits of Luther, von Huten and others, worthy of Holbein; tapestries Flemish and Florentine; walnut furniture, too, carved cassone or credence, bronzes of all sorts and sizes, from the magnificent Grimani dolphin knocker, fit only for a Palace of the Renaissance, to miniature Tritons and Satyrs. Here are a pair of sphinxes, as sphinxes were known in the days of Molière, their heads the heads of ladies of the court, their bodies clad in lambrequin drapery; here crystal beakers and vases adorned with ormolu; here a Louis XV. clock, at once simple and sumptuous; here Nankin, sang de boeuf or Turquoise crackle, fitted—strange contrast—for electric light, a luxury for millionaires. The difficulty is to distinguish Better from Best. But would we see how taste can falter? Compare the bronze and ormolu versions of Houdon's *Baiser*, and see how ignoble the gaudier material can make a thing of beauty.

Finally, there are works of high religious art, the chief, a Cross of copper gilt, noble in design and proportion, whose right place is in a cathedral; another Cross carved in cedar, after Dürer, and said to have been made by command of the Emperor Maximilian; a Madonna and Child in terra cotta; and a strange marble relief of Christ supported by a cherub, which must come from the hand or workshop of the greatest artist ever brought by royal favours to our shores, the intractable, immortal Torrigiano.

And these are but a few of the treasures of the Kennedy Collection.

The noble simplicity of English art is not sufficiently

represented in this prosperous looking collection which bears evidences of having been gathered together at a date not very remote. The lots are what the dealers call "good goods." A cynic might possibly observe that, acquired apparently by means of abundant wealth, they indicate no link between the last collector who bought them, and his environment, or his life-history, or his family, or the traditions of the locality with which he and his family have been identified. They seem to represent, and perhaps quite wrongly, a rich man's attempt to imitate what he thought or what the dealers who supplied him may have taught him to think, would be found in an historic French château or in the apartment in Paris of that type of owner who would bequeath his playthings to a museum. Anyhow, the Collection is about to take the road, by no means a new experience, through the sale rooms and showrooms of Europe and America to provide integral portions of other and similar "collections" in course of being "collected" under the hammer and in the shops of Bond Street, or Fifth Avenue or the Place Vendôme. Someone once said that most of the fine collections pass through Christie's about once every ten years, till shipped to America. In the intervals objects of art assembled thus into a "collection" degenerate into courtesans of the market place whose charms can be hired and handled by anyone rich enough to pay the price.

THE EDUCATION BILL.

THE article on the Education Bill in your last issue is so full of truth and just appreciation of rashness, that, although a life-long liberal, with strong radical tendencies, who has always been prepared to use whatever influence one might have in the cause of education, I must confess that to bring forward such a Bill at the present moment appears to me to be a mixture of cowardice and rashness.

As a fundamental principle, I have always held that there is no virtue, but only vice, in extremes; so there is no virtue in sordidness or extravagance. Education some fifty years since was suffering from the purblind and sordid regime of the old Tory party; but from that time onward, there has been a steady progression towards generous treatment, until at the present time every advantage of education has been placed within the reach of those children who are capable of getting advantage from it. Here one is obliged to make an exception with regard to the pitiful condition of the submerged tenth, who are left to be dealt with by charity organisations which I could name. Now Mr. Fisher, urged on by a certain class of time-servers, who are always originating some bold designs to spend other people's money, is bringing forward a Bill which involves, as you say, £10,000,000 a year, at a time when, to use your own words, "half the fathers are absent, and when the newly-enfranchised women cannot make their voice heard."

Again you say, "it seems harsh and foolish to prevent a working-man, who wishes his children to go to a more select school than others and is willing to pay for it, from doing what he wants." Do men of Mr. Fisher's education and standing send their sons and daughters to the Board Schools in order that they may contribute to the elevation of the slum child? Certainly not. You may as well ask me to live in a threepenny doss-house for the purpose of raising the tone and self-respect of the pitiful creatures there. Government money might well be spent in helping the submerged ten-thousand. I have seen in the underground general-room of a threepenny doss-house barristers, educated at the older universities, apparently the victims of circumstances. Educated at board-schools, winners of university scholarships, they have gone through their course with fair success. What are they fitted for when they leave the university? Teachers? Doubtful. Give me the man who has served his apprenticeship as a teacher. Business? No training. Clergy? Possibly, with the help of a bishop; but how anxiously do the ladies of the churches ferret out his antecedents, and with what continual misery does the poor fellow try to

evade their pussy-cat eyes, both for his own sake and for the sake of the good work he hopes to do. No! My man decides on becoming a barrister, and borrows from a money-lender sufficient to pay for his dinners, etc., while he studies some law. There he becomes a briefless barrister, with a millstone of debt about his neck. Like a mouse in a pitcher, he tries to climb up the sides, only to fall back. Except for socialistic propaganda, Mr. Fisher would surely acknowledge that the book-learning which led to this intense misery cannot compare in value with an honourable career in a suitable sphere. Charity must be wisely distributed, or the receiver is degraded. So State money extravagantly used, like the games and corn-distribution in the Roman period, may be the cause of a nation's decay.

Again you say, "Mr. Fisher asks whether the existing system of elementary education is adequate or satisfactory?" Some forty years ago, when boys and girls at the age of fourteen left school, they were apprenticed to some trade, and it was in the interest of tradespeople to teach them their work in every department properly. The young people (especially dissenters) went steadily on with their studies, their Bible-classes, temperance meetings, etc., until they set up for themselves, or left for some large towns, where they almost invariably became foremen or managers of their departments. This can be verified at the present time without a difficult inquiry. A gradual change has taken place, and technical schools, which were never intended to supersede, but only to supplement, an apprenticeship, give a mechanic's certificate to the most useless of mortals. How do they get out of a job which they cannot manage? They maul the article about until it is spoilt, and then report that a new one is required. They know as much about their trade as the class of men of whom the engineers complain.

There is yet another point which you make. You say, "Our educational fanatics propose to imitate one part of the German system, but they scornfully ignore the necessity of teaching the most valuable lessons of all, those of self-sacrifice and obedience." The essential thing in children's education is to set their faces in the right direction, to help them to value what is right and hate what is wrong, and to stimulate them to form industrious habits, until their character is formed. Then, whether the child starts with a knowledge of the three R's or with a more extensive education, he will become a happy, useful citizen, conscientiously doing a day's work in a day. Mr. Fisher need not worry, or think that £10,000,000 a year will be needed to save such a child from becoming a farthing candle, lying down for the rats and mice to carry away.

Finally, I commend to his consideration Ruskin's words, "The entire object of true education is to make people not merely do the right thing, but enjoy the right thing; not merely be industrious, but to love industry; not merely pure, but to love purity; not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice."

E. H. B.

ON CANTEENS.

LIFE in a Canteen closely resembles that of the bee in the hive—for there is no room in either for the drone. Everyone has his allotted place, or rather hers, for women are certainly the preponderating sex in canteen life.

In 1914 it stood for something so novel, this working in a canteen, that those who were fortunate enough to have friends in high places and so could aspire to be a member of a shift at one of the London Station Buffets, felt they had acquired a social cachet—it was even a distinction to be that hard-worked person, the "Sink Worm"—but times have changed—and now there are canteens and buffets innumerable, literally from John o'Groats to Land's End, and there is more hard work than distinction about them.

Canteens have played a great part in bringing together the classes and the masses, and more especially was this the case early in the war, for among those fine soldiers of the "first hundred thousand" there was often diffidence and a little self-conscious expres-

sion on the face of the Tommy when a gentlewoman would put a plate of sausages and mash on the table before him. "I don't like to see you waiting on the likes of me, Marm," said a lad in khaki. It is, however, just this touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, and there is a camaraderie in a canteen that is delightful—it is so seldom that the visitor forgets to express thanks and gratitude for what he knows is a voluntary service. A Scotch sailor, just home after some cruel months in the North Sea, was at a London buffet en route for Glasgow. When he tendered a coin in payment he was told he was a guest—that it was a Free Buffet. His mood was so joyous—he could accept nothing he did not pay for—he would be "beholden to nobody"—and suddenly he saw the Red Cross box in which those who wished could drop a coin. For a long time he wavered between a "bawbee" and a florin—all the small change he had—there was a little clink, the door slammed, and he had passed out into the dark night. When the coins in that box were counted later on, sure it was the florin that was there.

But if canteens have brought into touch those who were social strangers, they have gone even further in helping to form friendships between ourselves and those who have come from the very outposts of the Empire. On the battlefields and at the bases in France they have met each other—man to man—but it has been left to the women who work in canteens to show the spirit of hospitality, the spirit of service rendered, for which in all ages the women of England have been famous. The Australian canteen in Horseferry Road—the Maple Leaf Club—The New Zealand Club in Russell Square, where also the Maori has his home, these and many others are centres where East meets West, and where it is "open house" night and day. In many of these clubs the canteens are never empty; in the New Zealand one, for instance, a hot dinner is served at 2 a.m., and a breakfast at 5 a.m., for drafts and men leaving for the Front, and several old residents from that Colony give up their time in going to the great London stations at night and meeting the trains from France, so as to escort the "Tenderfoot" across London and prevent his falling into the hands of those harpies and prowlers who are ever ready to "assist" the soldier who has a little money in his pocket.

This good work is also undertaken by some of the W.A.A.C.S. and the National Guard, also by a society of ladies picturesquely called "Swans," after the name of their founder. To arrive at Charing Cross in a dense fog in a hurly burly of strangers and confusion, to be tired, cold and lonely, and still in the mental atmosphere of the "other side," with all its horrors, and to have only the most elementary idea of the geography of London, and then to be met with an outstretched hand and a word of welcome; this must indeed bring a sense of gladness and a restful feeling of coming "home."

The Free Buffet at Charing Cross—and it is entirely run by ladies—has done an enormous business ever since the beginning of the war. Who does not know the joy of a cup of tea when he has but recently crossed the Channel, and that sandwich of bread and cheese, which has a taste so peculiarly English? Often the workers can hardly keep pace with the streams of men who pour out of the Continental trains—and yet they always seem to find time for a word of cheer, to welcome and to speed the parting guest. Tommy is not behind in his appreciation of a little joke. "Keep out of the range of them guns, Bill," a soldier will say as he sees his mate sipping hot tea under fire from the beautiful little models of a Tank, a Dreadnought and an Aeroplane that decorate the buffet—and were Christmas gifts to the ladies. A hearty laugh goes round, and that is the best of tonics.

The Church Army and the Y.M.C.A. have canteens all over London and far beyond, for their work extends to munition and shipbuilding centres, to camps and dockyards, and to countries beyond the Seas. Mr. Punch's panacea for all ills—"feed the brute,"—is

the first principle applied to these canteens. But afterwards come music and song, the ubiquitous gramophone, the charm of the bagatelle board, and the quiet corner for correspondence. In France these canteens are, if possible, more patronised even than here—and station buffets at Havre, at Boulogne and other ports of arrival are simply thronged by newly-arrived troops. The rush is overwhelming, and the "Thank you" often takes the form of ringing cheers for their hostesses as they entrain for the Front. "Tommy" is an ardent collector of souvenirs, and at one of the French port canteens so many mugs were carried off that the "Chief" went along the platform calling out "Give me my mugs." There was no response. The train was almost on the move, and, getting desperate, she ran up and down in a distracted manner shouting, "Mugs, mugs." "All right, Mum, we are all here," roared back some soldiers from the now fast retreating train.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HOUSE OF MERLINS.

A WARNING TO HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In your issue of the 16th inst., a correspondent alludes to the great success of woman suffrage in Australia. But this opinion is altogether contrary to that of an Australian correspondent in your issue of the 2nd inst., who writes on the "Patronage of Anarchy." He said: "In the misery of our defeat (on compulsory service), and of Australian shame" (sic) and goes on. "Tell England that our country has been so bedevilled by Vatican whispers, Jesuitical leadership, and puny politicians, that the one great man among us—Mr. Hughes—has been defeated." Surely such a catastrophic betrayal of their magnificent fighting men can hardly be termed a success. After these experiences, one may well be fearful of the results of woman suffrage. As to the Motherhood argument, it doesn't hold, for Motherhood has gone out of fashion, both here and in the Colonies.

Mr. E. James suggests that a meeting be called to inaugurate a Man's League for Men. Someone younger and stronger than myself must do this. I am in the backwaters of life and powerless in such matters. I am only able to cast a few crumbs on the waters of life. But effective measures ought to be taken, and that soon. An organisation on the lines of Freemasonry would be far and away the most suitable, for I am of opinion that more effective propaganda results from straightforward peaceful penetration, than by public speech and public meetings. A small representative executive *sans peur et sans reproche*, with a business leader, could very soon produce results.

Now for the "Warning!" In the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 26th inst., we are informed that "The Liberal Women's Committee for Organising Women Voters has been formed largely for educative purposes. These will take the form of house-to-house visits." So we shall see these political and social firebrands sowing dissension and distrust between husbands and wives, between fathers and mothers, in every house in the land. We have pitiful experience of their capacity for mischief by the way these wily Viviens have corrupted the members of the House of Merlins, and coerced them to betray their trust and metaphorically to "stab in the back" their helpless, but heroic fellow-countrymen. And now a further treacherous campaign is to be started in the homes of England, including those of our absent soldiers and sailors. These female political Stiggenses will now proceed to worm their way insidiously between husbands and wives in order to gain their ends. No man of character could approve of this, and I doubt whether any decent married woman would care to have these wily and—more than less—unappropriated Viviens educating their husbands and canvassing them for their votes. Capital sport and

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occupation for the superfluous Viviens, no doubt, but where do the Wives come in? Our venerable Merlin of the Upper House were enmeshed and it is certain there will be many equally fascinating and seductive Viviens masquerading as politicians and social reformers—among the others. We have been forewarned, let us be forearmed, and take effective, even if drastic, measures to nip this repulsive invasion of our homes in the bud.

But what a delightful prospect, and how provocative of peace and quietness!

Yours faithfully,
I. H. H. GOSSET.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Under the above heading your correspondent Mrs. Marion Pickett writes as follows:—

"It is time that men should recognize that Motherhood should give womankind equal rights with the man in return for the physical suffering nature has imposed upon her, and from which he is secure."

If your correspondent will condescend to refer to anything so commonplace as her Bible and read Genesis III., 16, she will be able to correct her facts therefrom, and incidentally learn the true relationship of the sexes as ordained by the Creator.

Yours truly,
J. H. E. REID, Colonel.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I have read the correspondence in the SATURDAY REVIEW for many years now, and I have rarely found anything more to the point than the subject of a "Man's League for Men" which was raised in your issue of March 9. Mr. Gosset has brought into concrete form the thoughts of thousands of men. He has hit at the very heart of his subject. What we must have is undoubtedly a Man's League for Men. Feminism has now overleapt all bounds, and a big reaction is sure to set in when the men return and view their stricken rights and privileges. It should be the duty of a Man's League—which must be formed at the earliest possible moment—to guide and encourage this reaction. Human nature will always assert itself and the number of men who are thoroughly disgusted (to put it mildly) with the tactics of the self-styled advanced women, is enormous. But the men must have leadership and organisation if they are to successfully combat the feminine evil.

It is a truism that "an easy victory does far more harm than a defeat, as it leads to unwarranted audacities." Women have had many easy victories, both in economic and political fields, during the last few years, and there is now no limit to their intrusive impudence. It must therefore be apparent to every man that a Man's League as a means of self-protection and to look after their interests and rights is necessary.

I hope Mr. Gosset will not drop this scheme until it has been brought into actual being. He can count on the support of vast numbers of men. Why not hold a meeting of representative business and professional men at once? What is most necessary is immediate action before it is too late. There are no more melancholy words in the English language than "it might have been."

Yours faithfully,
LEONARD B. ROTHERMERE.
Clarendon House, Edinburgh.
10th March, 1918.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Women also have "fought and died and endured" to achieve an unprecedented moral victory, in the face of which, we grant the plausibility of the scheme, "A Man's League for Men"! On the other

hand, those about to reap the benefit of such abnormal sacrifice for an ideal, must refute the adjective "nefarious," as applied to the methods necessarily adopted towards an obstinate, exasperating Government.

Yours obediently,
TERESA FAITH BISHOP.
Hillcote, Newcastle-under-Lyme.
13th March, 1918.

OUR JACOBIN GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It is a matter for thankfulness to learn, by perusing your columns, that there are still some who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of Democracy, and who recognise that however harsh and cruel the régime of German militarism may be in Belgium, the rule of Anarchic Socialism in Russia is ten times worse Brigandage, sacrilege, murder and rape—these are the first fruits of mob government, and yet our politicians continue to cant about making the world "safe for democracy," quite forgetting that in making the world safe for democracy, as understood to-day, it is made quite unsafe for everything else, including righteousness, justice and truth.

The Trade Unions welcomed the Revolution, and are not much troubled at the horrible and unspeakable crimes by which it is polluted, and the House of Commons is too much in awe of the Labour Party to protest against revolutionary brutalities, but one would have thought that the House of Lords and the Bishops would have possessed enough sense of decency to criticise these crimes, especially as the "Holy Orthodox Eastern Church" is suffering so severely at the hands of the Bolshevik miscreants. Unfortunately "Mum's the word" everywhere, and thus inquiry is burked, and we are not allowed to know how far our Government after urging the Czar to make war, aided and abetted the conspiracy which the misfortunes of war raised against him.

Yours faithfully,
H. RYDER.
Searcroft, near Leeds.

CHAOS IN THE ENTENTE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The Imperial German Government has always realised that if the United States, the British Empire and Japan could formulate and proclaim their unswerving allegiance to a World Policy which should form the basis of a League of Nations, a turning point would have been reached in human affairs.

That is to say, they have known that if, irrespective of colour and religious prejudice, these three Powers could fix the World's course and lay down a common programme, no prolongation of the struggle would vary the final result.

A more stupendous issue has never presented itself, and yet our statesmen—when they have an idle moment unoccupied with the vulgarities of purely personal issues—confine themselves to giving out the password for the night, whatever it may be—"SHIPS," "LIBERTY," "MEAT," "SELF-DETERMINATION," "MEN," "MONEY," "POTATOES," "REPARATION," "PIGS," etc., and grope their way through the perpetual darkness where the light of wisdom never enters.

The Germans reach Odessa. And now the word goes round "Shout 'Japan'!" Our statesmanship has lapsed into a succession of involuntary jerks.

Months ago a Japanese Diplomatist, a Japanese Politician, and a Japanese Publicist expressed their unanimous opinion that their country would welcome and even fight for an International Magna Charta, to which the peoples of the world should be asked to subscribe, to which Germany should be compelled to submit.

Did the War Cabinet take any notice? Did the Foreign Office make any inquiries? Has there been any exchange of opinion between Washington and

London upon this supremely vital matter? To anyone with the least imagination this Japanese point of view was of extraordinary significance. To the German policy of **FORCE** it meant inevitable disaster. Nothing was done. Confusion is now singing in your ears. How long shall **KING FOLLY** reign?

I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,
.001.

The Reform Club, London, S.W.
15th March, 1918.

PROFITEERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In this week's SATURDAY REVIEW you make the excellent suggestion that employers ought to combine, to protect themselves against the extortions of incompetent servants. Of all profiteers, these temporary servants are the most preposterous. "Temps." they call themselves, and demand and get 15s. to 30s. a week, their five daily meals, and their washing. When their "Boys," or their brothers return from the front, they are off, without a moment's notice. All these women suffer from some physical defect that in pre-war times, would prevent their obtaining these inflated wages. They are not all incompetent, but, one and all, are utterly regardless of their employers' comfort or convenience. They do as little work as they dare, and no matter how well they are treated or fed, always have a grievance. Unless we employers really bestir ourselves, they will soon have a Trades Union themselves.

I am, Yours truly,
A. S. B.

FIXED INCOMES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Permit me, through your widely-read columns, to invite attention to the hard case of some of His Majesty's subjects and servants. I refer to those, of whom I am one, who have retired on pensions, after years of Government service, and whose incomes are fixed and incapable of increase. Pardon me if I quote my own case. I retired on a pension of £700 a year, and I have no other source of income, nor any expectations. I am charged with Income Tax on an *earned* income, at the rate of 2s. 6d. in the pound. My family expenses leave me no margin—but I find the cost of living nearly doubled, owing to the war. I may be told that I have nothing to complain of—the cost of living is doubled all round. True, but the grocer, baker, butcher, tailor and dressmaker can charge double for all the wares with which they supply me, and even the landlord of my dwelling-house, of which the rent is fixed by agreement, if asked to execute agreed repairs, can plead the War as an excuse for postponement, or even for asking me to take the cost on myself. In short, everybody in business can in some measure recoup himself—the pensioner cannot.

Your obedient servant,
RETIRE C. S.

PROPAGANDA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—As Germany at this moment is trying to subdue civilization and taking on herself to imbue the world with the idea that she is the source of all learning; is it not time to place before the entire world that this learning emanates from Ancient Greece and her great and glorious men like Homer, Socrates, Sophocles, and many others?

To do this and represent it in dramatic form in the present hub of the universe, viz.: London, is the best

means, by Dramatic Propaganda, of ousting Germany from her assumption.

A play could be written and presented to this effect easily.

Yours etc.,
NICHOLAS PAPANICOLY.
5, Park Place, St. James's, S.W.1.

[Our correspondent's idea is good; but he should address himself to Lord Beaverbrook, who is no doubt qualified to propagate a knowledge of Homer, Socrates, and Sophocles, either dramatically or lyrically.—ED. S. R.]

WAR POSTERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your article, "Autolycus in Downing Street," in to-day's SATURDAY REVIEW must appeal to many, like myself, who turn, with contempt and disgust, from the vulgar, useless posters which disfigure the town.

There is a point not mentioned in the article, i.e.: There is money in the poster job. Can this be the principal or only reason why this means is used to call our attention to our duty to the country?

If this waste of public cash can be stopped it will benefit the country, and help to maintain the national dignity, by not giving strangers good reason to ridicule us, for requiring such measures to keep us up to the mark.

Yours faithfully,
W. H. B. GRAHAM.
March 16th, 1918.

A VISIT TO ABDUL HAMID.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your review on the 9th March of the biography of the late Sultan Abdul Hamid, by Sir Edwin Pears, incidentally repeats a false assertion in reference to myself which I left in contemptuous silence when it appeared many months back in an extreme and obscure print. There is a time for speech, as for silence, and I feel I cannot allow the statement to pass unchallenged now that it has been given currency in a journal so influential as your own, of which I have been a regular and appreciative reader for many years.

In support of his claim that "Abdul Hamid, as Caliph, always did the right thing from the Muslim point of view," the reviewer states that His Majesty's refusal to receive me "as representing any section of the Indian Muslims, sent a glow of satisfaction through the whole Islamic world." Nothing could be further from the truth. My only visit to Constantinople was made early in 1901. On the first Friday after my arrival I attended the Selamatik, and thereafter was received by the Sultan in an audience lasting over an hour. Our conversation, conducted through Abdul Hamid's own interpreter, was most pleasant and deeply interested me. The following day he sent me the Grand Cordon of a decoration; but as a British subject, I felt bound respectfully to refuse the honour, since the British regulations only permit of acceptance of foreign Orders in well defined cases.

His Majesty took the refusal in good part, and throughout my ten days' further stay, deputed one of his chamberlains to accompany and guide me on visits to the various places, such as the Dolma Bagloke, the older mosques, and other places of antiquarian and artistic interest. When I left, the officer of the Court whose duty it was to be present on the departure of ambassadors, saw me off.

The half truth which is "ever the blackest of lies" marks your reviewer's allegation. It is the case that the late Sultan did not receive me "as representing any section of the Indian Muslims"—for the simple

reason that I did not go, and never asked or dreamed of going, to the audience in any other than the purely personal capacity of a visitor. I went with no pretension to speak for anyone but myself, and was received by the Sultan with the courtesy he had shown to other well-known visitors before me, such as (when out of office) Lord Rosebery and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

I am, sir,
Faithfully yours,
AGA KHAN.

15th March, 1918.

THE LAST OF THE ROMANOFS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Will you allow me to make one correction in your interesting review of "The Last of the Romanofs." In his summing up "So fell Nicholas II. ruined by his wife and a priest," the reviewer clearly points to Rasputin as the second cause of the Tsar's downfall. Now, Rasputin was not a priest and was never in Orders at all. In early manhood he was for a very short time a lay-brother in a Siberian community. Hence, in all probability, the origin of this latter-day "Monkish Legend."

I am, etc.,
LEX.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I have read with considerable interest your article on musical instruments. I venture to differ from some of your views. Personally, in my own drawing room, I would rather have one gramophone than eight children playing as many instruments. It is optimistic, to say the least of it, to assume that under any training eight children of average musical capacity could be taught to form an harmonic orchestra in the time between the youngest joining the band and the eldest leaving the home fireside. Why, too, do you run down the white spat and waistcoat slip, classing them with pianolas and gramophones? These last are instruments peculiar to the younger generation, whereas in London to-day the only wearers of the spats and slips are old fogeys between forty and fifty.

You may say that all younger men are in uniform, but this is not so, as many, on leave, now wear mufti.

As regards the gramophone in particular, has it not justified itself a thousand times during the war, both at home and abroad?

Yours very sincerely,
H. JACK EGERTON.

ENGLISH PLAYS IN PARIS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your Paris correspondent, M. Jamin, has evidently a great knowledge of England and the English, as is proved by his keen analysis of the causes of the low state of English dramatic art. But I fear he is too apt to judge an Englishman by his looks. It is true that some of us look so innocent that no jury would convict us of murder in face of the clearest evidence. But we are not all as pure and candid as he would wish us to be; we have an inbred gift of hypocrisy that is probably as old as the Puritan revolution.

I think M. Jamin would find as scabrous plays in London as in Paris if he cared to look for them. It was not long ago that General Smith-Dorrien protested publicly against the silly and suggestive stuff that young officers on leave from the front were compelled to visit, for lack of any better theatrical fare.

"Take off a little bit more" was an acted song that caused even critics to wonder how actresses and chorus-girls could be obtained to act it.

This type of play was characterised many years ago by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones as made up of nothing but "Legs and Tomfoolery."

We can match M. Jamin's poster of the play, "pas pour les jeunes filles"; for during the war was not "Damaged Goods" [Les Avariés de Brieux] advertised as "For adults only"? In fact, if we were always as honest, it would save many a girl, and even married woman, from a blush of shame. It is rather in Paris than in London that the wit of a play excuses its doubtful morality.

Yours faithfully,
DE V. PAYRN-PAYNE.

Savile Club.

THE BELLS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Our joybells have been silent overlong, and it is the more refreshing to read of the spirit of their sounding in your recent article. Quint, and tierce, and octave, we know they will peal full and true when the men return. To-day our village chimes are rung by the lame sexton and a bunch of boys, the cheeriest set of ringers, to my thinking, in England.

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts,
Say the bells of Arcady."

"Concentration and Consumption" seems the motto of most bellringers, and with a tenor of forty-one hundredweights the first authenticated peal of 5,400 changes, rung May 2nd, 1715, at St. Peter Mancroft, Norwich, must have been a weighty, well-considered performance.

The tenth bell of St. Andrew's, the neighbouring church, has the inscription "Let us tewne and sound together Ingland's swete peace for ever," 1621.

Campanology can never be forlorn, though the singers are silent at their task. In the days of hard drinking, the great brown jug of the belfry at St. Peter Mancroft gave a tone picture *ad lib.* of the capacity of the Norwich scholars.

There was a spirit in the chimes of the Cathedral Close which must have inspired many to "embrace trew musick." The terminology of change ringing: "Dodging going up," "Dodging going down," "Place making," and "Lying a whole pull," seems equally suitable for the political wire-puller and for the ringer in the world of bellcraft.

Bells at service are like the birds in their calls for company across the fields. Five mornings this week in succession have I heard and seen the same thrush, upon the bare withered bough of an elm, whose other branches have taken a flush from the March sunrise. He reminds one of the bird in Cotman's picture of "The Mishap," crying "I told you so." A friend wickedly asserts the thrush to be a murderous villain and a Radical, singing, "Billy Pitt! Billy Pitt! Kill him, kill him," and that his forbears were thus taught by C. J. Fox, abandoned blackguard, drunkard, gambler, and hypocrite, on his visit to stay with Coke at Holkham. This may be only hearsay, but to watch him cracking snails upon a stone is to judge him intolerant of those who cannot go the pace. The speckled thrush is more finely marked than Arum Maculatum, the spotted villain of the hedgerows. By the bridge just now a lean, lantern-jawed pike missed a speckled trout by an inch.

To come back to the bells and their use in the present campaign, it might be well in changing commanders for the field to read the rules for making "Bobs" and singles on the grandsire method.

Yours truly,
"TASBURGH."

"PELMANISM" IN 1917.

By EDWARD ANTON.

THE annals of the past year would be incomplete without some reference to the prominent part in the affairs of the Empire which has been played by that remarkable new force—*Pelmanism*. The progress of this movement may be taken as an earnest of the still greater part which it will play in the future; for, in the space of a few months, the Pelman Institute has risen from the status of a private concern to that of a truly national institution.

The credit of "discovering" the immense possibilities of "Pelmanism" as a factor of national and individual betterment belongs largely to "Truth," which after a close and critical investigation of all the available evidence, devoted an entire supplement to a report on the work of the Pelman Institute in May, 1916, and issued further supplements in September of that year and in May, 1917.

The effect of these reports—emanating from a source well known for its fearless independence—was electrical. Every section of the community responded to "Truth's" sounding call to efficiency. To satisfy the enormous public demand for the reports, several large editions (amounting to some hundreds of thousands) were reprinted and distributed free through the medium of announcements in the leading journals. A large proportion of these reprints was reserved for the Army and the Navy; but every class of the public displayed eagerness for copies, and the demand, I may add, is still unabated. I venture the opinion that "Truth" performed a national service of no small value when it devoted its columns to the work of opening the eyes of the public to the practical importance of "Pelmanism" as an aid to personal efficiency and progress.

And now, I repeat, "Pelmanism" has become a *national* movement; and every day—nay, every hour—brings fresh evidence of its almost limitless possibilities. It is affirmed—and I believe it whole-heartedly—that no man or woman who has conscientiously followed Pelman principles has ever failed to reap substantial benefit.

Some have utilized it primarily as a means of gaining increased incomes and better positions in business or professional life; others adopt it with a view to securing greater mental development and a higher standard of personal efficiency; others, again, find it of superlative value educationally and intellectually. It appeals to every individual who desires to progress and to prosper, no matter what the sphere of his or her work or ambitions may be.

The registers of the Institute show that every conceivable vocation or occupation is represented therein. I will deal with the various "groups" further on; but in the meantime I desire to emphasize, by every means in my power, the fact that there is no class of men or women who can afford to disregard "Pelmanism," whatever their education may have been, whatever their present position and attainments may be.

What is the Pelman System? The question is not easily answered in small space. I can best illustrate the effects of a Pelman Training by a reference to what takes place when a course of scientific physical culture is followed. The physical culturist first learns the use of each group of muscles; he then *exercises* them systematically in order to develop their power and to bring them under his direct control. The result is a very high maximum of physical efficiency, every set of muscles being brought into *fully* effective use and proper co-ordination of effort being introduced. The Pelman System applies the same scientific methods to the various faculties of the mind, and with equally definite and equally certain results. But whereas the degree of physical development is limited, the possibilities of *mental* development are practically *limitless*. That is why the University man and the Army chief are able, equally with the man of elementary education, the clerk or the private, to derive direct and tangible benefits from the adoption of Pelmanism.

The Pelman System is, moreover, distinguished by its inexhaustible adaptability. It is not a mental strait-jacket, but an instrument of wonderful range and elasticity. Instead of attempting to impose "cut-and-dried" rules and methods of thought, it shows the student how to give effective expression to his or her own ideals, aims, and personality. In fact, it is as bodily training completes them in the physical sense. That is possibly why the Pelman System has so very often been the means of developing latent (and unsuspected) powers of the mind. It arouses the student to a recognition of his or her own powers and opportunities, inspiring self-confidence, moral courage, and the desire for effective action. As a mental and moral "tonic" it is, by the testimony of many students, well worth many times the time spent upon it.

INCOMES DOUBLED AND TREBLED.

Let us first see what has been accomplished, in a financial sense, as a result of following the Pelman System. Evidence is piled mountain-high in this regard, for probably 60 per cent. of those who take up the Pelman Course do so with the idea of increasing their incomes. Having achieved this object, they proceed to realize some of the "higher values" of Pelmanism—values which, to quote the words of an ardent Pelmanist, are "far above money."

It will be conceded that, in one sense, financial gain is the most *solid* evidence that could be desired. A man might imagine that his power of concentration and application to work had improved or that he was more observant or had developed greater will-power, but not even the most vivid imagination could explain substantial monetary gains such as are daily reported by students of the Pelman Course. Here are a few reports taken almost at random, from the records of the Institute:

- Rise of £145 per annum.
- Doubled my turnover.
- Salary increased by £125 (woman).
- Salary improved 300 per cent.
- Literary prize of £250.
- My income has gone up 300 per cent.
- Substantial increase in my salary.
- Increase of salary of 50 per cent.
- Increased turnover and salary.
- My turnover has beaten all records.
- My business has increased considerably.
- Salary exactly doubled.
- Added £80 to my commission account.
- I have had a 40 per cent. rise.
- The means of making my income double.
- Greatest increase in business.

The above "results" are quoted in the exact words of the writers; in every case they are reported with *other* benefits which have accrued from the Course. In some cases the gains have resulted from a few weeks' study of "Pelmanism"; in other cases a longer period has elapsed. The Time depends upon the diligence and adaptability of the student; and those are factors which are not within the control of the Pelman Institute.

THE ARMY AND NAVY.

Over 20,000 officers and men of both Services are now Pelmanists, the list being headed by eighty Admirals and Generals. The mere fact that such a large number are studying the Course, in spite of such drawbacks as scanty leisure and adverse environment, speaks volumes for the estimation in which Pelmanism is held by the Services. Equally significant is the frequency with which generals send their subordinate officers to be enrolled, and regimental commanders often pay the fee of one or more of their N.C.O.'s.

Whilst the bulk of Army and Navy men take the Course as being indispensable to their professional efficiency, it is worthy of note that a secondary object is to gain increased efficiency for business when the war is over and the soldier or sailor returns to civil life.

Two typical letters may be quoted here from amongst the many hundreds received from "the Front." Both are from Army officers. The first letter runs:

"I should like to call your attention to the facts of the story of my Pelman Course.

"When I began I was looked upon with disfavour by the C.O. of my battalion at home as being a sleepy, forgetful, and unsoldierlike sub. When I began your Course my star began to rise—I had the ability, but had not been able to use it. I left the home battalion with my C.O.'s recommendations as being the best officer he had had for more than a year, and came to France.

"I was then appointed as a second-lieutenant to command a company over the heads of four men with two 'pips,' and have now three stars and a M.C.

"That I was able to make use of my abilities so successfully I attribute entirely to the Pelman System."

The second letter presents another interesting view:—

"The Course has prevented me becoming slack and stagnating during my Army life—this is a most virulent danger, I may add. It inculcates a clean, thorough, courageous method of playing the game of life—admirably suited to the English temperament, and should prove moral salvation to many a business man. 'Success,' too, would follow—but I consider this as secondary."

PROFESSIONAL MEN AND "PELMANISM."

All classes of professional men have displayed the keenest interest in the Pelman System. Doctors, solicitors, barristers, architects, auditors, journalists, authors, civil engineers, educationists—these have all enrolled in large numbers, and have supplied astonishing evidence of the value of the Course to them in their daily work. A few examples of letters received from professional men are appended:—

From a Doctor.

"I took the Pelman Course because my practice was not in a satisfactory condition, and I could not discover the cause. Your lessons enabled me to analyse the trouble, discover the weak points, and correct them, with most satisfactory results. Your Course has proved to be a splendid investment for me. My chief regret is that I did not take it at the beginning of my student's days."

From a Solicitor.

"I have found the Course particularly useful in my business; it has helped me to advise far more usefully, and to deal with professional work and problems far more efficiently. Altogether, I have no hesitation whatever in recommending the Pelman Course as a wonderful tonic to the mind. No one who practises the System perseveringly can possibly fail to receive great benefit."

From a Private Tutor.

"Speaking from my own personal experience, I should have no hesitation in saying that everybody who can do so ought to take a Course of Pelman Training. I have applied the memory methods successfully in learning a new language. Increased self-confidence, improved concentration, a disciplined imagination, and a reliable memory are among the many benefits which all who give the Course a fair trial gladly acknowledge. No wonder Pelman students are enthusiastic."

From a Clergyman.

"It is now twelve months since I used a note of any kind in public speaking. I hardly dared to believe that I could so completely abandon them. I thought that for special occasions I should fall back on notes, but this is not so. This is a great satisfaction to me."

From an Architect.

"The benefits derived from the Course are inestimable. A Pelman student is equipped with a wonderful stock of information and devices that cannot fail to help him to get the best out of any problem in life. I consider the lesson on personality is alone worth the whole fee. My position has undoubtedly improved, both socially and financially, since I took the Course."

PELMAN TRAINING FOR WOMEN.

The number of women students of the Pelman Course has noticeably increased since the war had the effect of greatly enlarging the sphere of women's activities. Here are some interesting letters from women who have taken a Pelman Training:—

Rapid Business Progress.

"Ten months ago I decided to venture on a business life. I had no business experience at all, and anticipated a difficult time, being very nervous and shy. I took up the Pelman Course: Began in September last as a clerk; was promoted and my salary increased 25 per cent. in November; and in March, 1916, I was again promoted to bookkeeper (not a war post), with another increase. Within a year I expect to be earning double my salary. I attribute the greater part of my success to Pelman, for I worked on Pelman lines.—A WOMAN BOOKKEEPER."

A Lady of Fifty.

"My object in studying the Pelman Course was not in any way a professional one, but simply to improve my memory and mental capacity, which, at the age of 50, were, I felt, becoming dull and rusty. I have found the Course not only interesting, but calculated to give a mental stimulus, keenness, and alertness to one's mind, which is what most people need at my age. Any one who goes through the Course is bound to receive real benefit and find a delightful occupation.—INDEPENDENT MEANS."

From a Titled Lady.

"So struck is my husband by the good I have already derived from the Pelman Course, that as soon as his present arduous duties permit, he fully hopes to do a Course himself. Also he brought Pelman to the notice of a brother officer whom he felt

it would benefit, and this same officer has not only started the Course himself, but, in his turn, wishes his wife to take it up."

Social Advantages.

"From a mental point of view, one's faculties are not only rejuvenated, but kept youthful, and there is consequently a keener zest for life. Mental *ennui* is avoided, and a useful store of knowledge accumulated. From a social point of view, one is a more efficient member of society (since all one's faculties are alive), and certainly a more pleasing and entertaining one."

"PELMANISM" IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

The new movement has made tremendous progress amongst all classes of business men. In many cases the enrolment of one member of a firm is quickly followed by others from the same firm. Quite recently enrolments were made, in one day, from *eight members* of one large firm (including managing director, works manager, warehouse manager, cashier, correspondent, foreman, invoice clerk, and forwarding clerk). Such facts render comment superfluous. The frequency with which business principals pay for the enrolment of their employees proves that "Pelmanism" supplies a convincing answer to the question "Is it worth while?" Here are a few interesting letters from business men:—

From a Director.

"I consider the Pelman Course is of the utmost value. It teaches one how to observe and to think in the right way, which few realise who have not studied it. The great charm to me was the realisation of greater power to train oneself for more and more efficiency. I gained from each lesson right up to the end of the Course."

From a Clerk.

"Looking back over the time since I first enrolled for the Course, I marvel at the changed outlook and wide sphere which it opened out to me. The personal benefits are a great increase of self-confidence and a thousand-fold better memory. . . . If only the public knew your Course, I am sure your offices would be literally besieged by prospective students."

From a Works Manager.

"Your System has certainly been of great assistance to me in a variety of ways. Up to recently I was works manager for a big firm of yarn spinners, but have now attained the position of right-hand man to the owners, being removed from the executive to the administrative side of the business."

From a Textile Buyer.

"From my own experience I would strongly recommend the Pelman Course to all who are ambitious and keenly desirous of success. Perhaps its greatest value is that it causes one to feel more independent of circumstances of any and every kind; it tends to transform our destiny from chance into our own keeping."

"TRUTH'S" SUMMING UP.

I cannot do better than to quote from the conclusion arrived at by "Truth's" investigator, and which formed the *finale* to the first report:—

"The Pelman System places the means of progress within the reach of every one. It does not provide a brain for the brainless, but it does provide every one with the means of making the best of the faculties with which Nature has endowed him, and bringing them to full fruition. What that fruition will be depends, of course, on the original capabilities of the student, but it needs no great knowledge of the world to be aware that the man with the well-ordered mind and reliable memory is at an advantage over him whose faculties, though naturally greater, have been undeveloped or developed at random. The moral is, of course, for those who want to make the most of their natural endowments to equip themselves for success in the battle of life to see that their minds are trained to the point of efficiency. With that object they cannot do better than take advantage of the course of instruction offered to them by Pelman Institute."

A full description of the Pelman System is given in "Mind and Memory," with many interesting illustrations of the manifold utilities of Pelmanism, and evidence of its value to various classes of men and women. A free copy of this book, together with a free copy of "Truth's" third report, will be sent, post free, to any reader of THE SATURDAY REVIEW who sends a postcard applying for same to the Pelman Institute, 119 Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1

Use this Coupon or send a Post Card

To the Pelman Institute,

119, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

SIR,—Please send me, gratis and post free, a copy of the book "Mind and Memory," a copy of "Truth's" latest report, and particulars of the Special Offer entitling me to take the Pelman Course at one-third less than usual fees.

NAME

ADDRESS

ALL CORRESPONDENCE IS CONFIDENTIAL.

A FRENCH VIEW OF KULTUR.

Beyond the Rhine. By Marc Henry (Translation).
Constable & Co. 6s. 6d. net.

M. MARC HENRY wandered through the large towns of Germany as a French Intellectual for twenty years before the war. He lived mostly in Munich, and stayed frequently in Berlin. He was interested in art, music and the drama, and not only wrote as a journalist but acted as a musical producer and dramatic manager. He had troops of friends in the literary world, and nothing has shocked him so much as the apostacy of the highbrows from the cult of Apollo to that of Mars. The roystering good fellows, who used to roar republican ditties over their beer, became on the instant ferocious warriors, in deed or word. This led M. Henry to the conclusion, which is placed in various lights in this delightful book, that German civilisation is a coating of sensual veneer, and that insincerity is the key-note of the national character. The German idols in peace are physical comfort and the safety derived from a brutal police. Their discipline and endurance in war are really based on the fear of being invaded.

The Kaiser is not only a War Lord, but a god who penetrates into every nook and cranny of life, and he is the arbiter of Art. "One of the best known Berlin sculptors told me that William used to come exactly at the same hour every day to his studio, to view the clay model of an enormous statue which the Emperor had ordered. One day the angle of the statue's arm displeased the Emperor. The artist showed a tendency to argue. William drew his sword, and, with a quick blow, struck off the offending limb. Then returning his sword to its scabbard he turned on his heel and remarked pleasantly, 'You will alter that now, won't you?' " And this is the autocrat whom our Bolsheviks beg the Germans to be good enough to depose!

The frowsy enslaved Hausfrau all the world knows. M. Henry gives us a burning portrait of the woman of the wealthy or intellectual class. "Torn between a desire for elegance and the wish to assume an artificial individuality different from that of her contemporaries, she exaggerates the French fashions and is apt to mistake the *outre* for the original. . . . She cannot select and therefore takes with her eyes shut whatever the unscrupulous shopkeeper presses upon her. . . . Like all Germans, she has deep in her heart the love of discipline, and submits to the dressmaker's every command. . . . Like her men folk, the German woman thinks that every thing can be bought, even a sense of the beautiful." M. Henry draws a nice and just distinction between civilisation (*Kultur*) and culture. "No doubt their restaurants are palaces of marble and gold. No doubt their railway stations are magnificent and convenient. No doubt they have learned to put comfort within the reach of the poor. Science has won for them every practical achievement. But all these are the fruits of civilisation. Civilisation can acquire, can expand, can impose itself. It is only necessary to know how to organise society, and that the Germans certainly know. But the quality of the individual mind, its intuitive sense of beauty, its fundamental principles, the development of the intellectual faculty, harmony of gesture, grace of movement, moral and physical texture, are these to be bought along with white-tiled lavatories, automatic lifts, and fish forks?" There speaks the Latin to the Teuton across a gulf that time will never bridge.

The German Empress not only did not give the fashion, she did not follow it. She had a Puritan hatred for Paris, and was patriotically the

worst dressed woman at Court. This so annoyed her War Lord that at the Jubilee of Prussian Independence in the spring of 1914, he secretly despatched a mission to Paris to buy a gown for the Empress, and had it sent to the Palace from the Berlin dressmakers. When the Empress was complimented on her frock, she said, "You see, then, that it is not only in Paris that the people have taste." The Crown Prince, when presiding at a public banquet, drank Cliquot disguised in a bottle of Henckel, the German champagne. What *poseurs* the Hohenzollerns are! Yet they are right, from their point of view. We suppose it is in allusion to the Harden revelations of some years back that M. Henry writes "perverted vice" has developed in certain German circles to an extent never known in France. While granting the morality of the poorer women, and the middle-class *Hausfrau*, M. Henry has some scathing passages on "those women who know no more how to wear their vices than their clothes. Only someone who has lived in Berlin Society, who has jostled all the baseness and all the scandals, can understand the moral degradation of certain of these upstart wealthy women who have been thrown too suddenly into an unripe social organism. . . . The woman whom Germany has been unable to educate, and who herself knows not the secret of attraction, becomes a pleasure-drunkard and rises against her old master. She wears shirt-fronts, waistcoats, soft felt hats, and founds social clubs in which, under the guise of feminism, she claims to have eliminated the male. The men follow suit, and the scandal fouls even the steps of the throne." Yet M. Henry is not without his appreciation of *Kultur*, which is, really, mechanical convenience produced by organisation, or regimentation. He tells us that what we have to learn from Germany is "the democracy of comfort." Flats, postal arrangements, delivery of parcels, railway stations, hotels, public baths, street-cleaning and dustmen, street repairs, newspaper advertisements, and generally, intelligence *versus* obstructionism—these are the triumphs of *Kultur*, and nowhere were they displayed in greater perfection than in Berlin before the war. The Hotel Adlon was perhaps the best hotel in the world, though its proprietor, with characteristic German vulgarity, announced in print to all his guests that his house was intended for Germans of high birth and Americans of great wealth! Wertheim's shop makes Selfridge's and Harrod's shrink into hovels, according to M. Henry. The war will inevitably rob *Kultur* of its finest fruits.

There is a long and interesting chapter on the Jews, to whom the writer is not antagonistic, as he has lived with some of them on terms of intimacy. He detects their rare capacity (peculiar, we think, to them as a race) of laughing good-humouredly at themselves. Their power, in proportion to their numbers (they are only about 900,000 out of a total population of 6,000,000), is immense. "While the Latin peoples have rapidly assimilated and enfranchised the Jewish race, the Northern Germans, come more recently to civilisation, have not achieved the same absorption. The Eastern strain in the Jew clashes too much with the Teuton stock for the character of foreigner ever to disappear. On the other hand, the differences of nationality within the Empire have not affected him, and that is the reason of his strength in the German Empire." The Jew accepted, with philosophical indifference, the new synthetic Fatherland, founded in the flush of victory. He is neither Prussian, nor Saxon, nor Badener, nor Wurtemberger, nor Bavarian, but German; he is "the mortar which holds together the stones of the Empire." In law and medicine, in finance and industry, the sphere of money and the sphere of thought, the Jews have won something

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like a monopoly, while all the theatres and all the newspaper groups that count are in their hands. Under such conditions, active anti-Semitism is impossible. "When theatres, publishers, and newspapers are all Jewish, the paths of public opinion are well policed. One day a writer said to me ironically: 'Anti-Semitism? An excellent idea of course, but it will never be made to go until some intelligent Jew takes it up.'" The Jews were against the war: it upset their business. What they will do after the war depends on how the war ends. If the war ends badly, the Jews will, M. Henry thinks, take their revenge upon the Hohenzollerns for a criminal blunder.

The book ends with a letter from an old Bohemian aristocrat, Carl von Levetzow (interned in Sardinia), upon Luther and the German intellectuals. It is a bitter attack upon Luther, who "scotched the splendid tendency to paganism, which the Catholic Church was showing so strongly at the time of his appearance," and an arraignment of German literature as brutalised by Luther. It is a fascinating theme, naturally a *bonne bouche* to a Frenchman, but not to be touched at the end of a review, which is written to persuade every one to read a penetrative, humorous, and just appreciation of the German character.

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

A Short History of English Literature in the Nineteenth Century. By William Henry Hudson. Bell. 3s.

WHEN Stopford Brooke produced his 'Primer of English Literature' and Matthew Arnold wrote an essay on it, such things were not common. They are too common nowadays, when short cuts to education of every kind are the fashion, and people talk glibly of authors they have never read, or after attending a course of lectures regard themselves as entitled to criticise. Cheap thought is like cheap claret, a vintage of no lasting value, and there is a good deal of it about. We believe, however, that there is a genuine desire to-day for more knowledge of English letters, a reaction from the zeal for snippets and personal gossip which a Philistine press has carefully fostered. We know that Mr. Hudson's lectures on English literature are appreciated, and we have found his little book on the nineteenth century very readable, and more catholic in its scope than many we have seen. He has got in a good deal in his 300 pages or so, but we doubt if it was wise to economise space by omitting "scientists, philosophers, theologians, and for the most part even historians." The plea that such work "does not, as a whole or in part, properly fall under the head of General Literature" seems to us odd. For this is just the heading where we place those authors who are not, if we may use the term, professional prose-writers or poets. We find, however, Newman, Froude and Macaulay duly included, and a paragraph on Bagehot in which, strangely enough, nothing is said of his brilliant style. Before he was discovered by the many, several journalists found his clever things very useful to repeat or paraphrase. The omission of a writer like Huxley is an error.

Mr. Hudson gives his own views, and warns readers that they may differ in certain cases from those generally current. He could hardly do anything else. A reviewer can only give his own views too, and may equally be in danger of stressing the merits of those authors whom he happens to prefer. We think competent critics will regard the bulk of Mr. Hudson's views as sound and well expressed, though with no brilliance of epigram. We often find what we take as a test point in an author well brought out. Justice is done, for instance, to Mark Pattison's acidulous, but highly interesting 'Memoirs,' and to the good qualities of Ouida, whose ignorance, after all, was nothing like so widely extended as that of some later and admired novelists.

Already we can see the nineteenth century in a perspective which was impossible in the first years of the



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twentieth. We can note that Mr. Kipling's short stories, admirable as they are, have put the long sentence out of date, made the semicolon unusual, and encouraged the over-use of the full stop. Carlyle, who stood at the parting of the ways and cried "No Thoroughfare" for all of them, is not destined to survive as a great preacher, still less as an exemplar of great style. His work has not lasted well, and some of his literary judgments have nowadays as many reservations attached to them as Macaulay's. Mr. Hudson records, and explains in felicitous language, the heightened reputation the poetry of Coleridge now enjoys. It is well also to see an emphatic word in praise of the 'Biographia Literaria,' which, like the 'Horæ Subsecivæ' of Dr. John Brown, has suffered through its learned title.

Regarding Walter Scott, we find Mr. Hudson a little cold. With such a masterpiece as 'Wandering Willie's Tale' in 'Redgauntlet' before him and other examples of prose at its highest, the critic ought to claim for Scott artistry in prose in spite of his generally hasty writing. The 'Journal' of his troubled years, only fully revealed in 1890, is one of the finest pieces of autobiography in existence. Of Keats Mr. Hudson remarks that "he seems more than any other poet of his time to stand at the end of his epoch. For the requickening of English poetry new impulses and inspirations were required, and these, as we shall see later, came with the beginning of the Victorian age." This verdict is a curious contrast to that of Dr. Saintsbury, who in his 'History of Nineteenth Century Literature' of 1896 calls Keats the father, directly or at short stages of descent, of every English poet born within the century who was not a "mere sport or exception." Both judgments are exaggerated, but we think Mr. Hudson's is nearer the truth, though the debt of Tennyson in his earlier years to Keats is obvious.

It is certainly a mistake to devote more than a page to the verse of George Eliot and a paragraph of thirteen lines to Coventry Patmore, in which nothing is said of 'The Unknown Eros' and exquisite work like 'The Toys,' which Palgrave wisely included in the second series of his 'Golden Treasury.' Alfred Austin also gets a page and a half, he who spoke of Shakespeare's "lady-smocks all silver-white" as "mauvier still and mauvier now the winter days are over." If Mr. Hudson before printing his book had compared the amount of space awarded to various writers, he might have revised some inequalities of proportion.

We find that he has omitted authors who in repute and circulation are as much English as American, such as Hawthorne and Mark Twain. We get a notice of G. P. R. James, but none of Henry James, who was not, as Henry Harland said some years since, a "practising American," and has had a notable, though not very salutary, effect on English fiction. That immense and confusing department of letters, however, deserves a book to itself, and Mr. Hudson's brief account of modern novelists is distinctly open to attack. We are pleased to see a line or two about Samuel Butler, though it hardly conveys his essential qualities, except his originality. The author of 'Erewhon' was that rare thing, a satirist. Why satire worth talking about has been so rare since the eighteenth century we do not know. Perhaps the nineteenth century was too self-satisfied, and the twentieth is too hopeless, to justify its existence.

HISTORY IN AN IRISH UNIVERSITY.

The Constitutional and Parliamentary History of Ireland Till the Union. By J. G. Swift MacNeill, M.P. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

M R. SWIFT MACNEILL, whose academic distinctions are set out in ten lines on his title page, can hardly complain if his book is judged from an academic standpoint. What he promises us is "to give a general view of the leading facts and characteristics of Irish Constitutional and Parliamentary history before the passing of the Act of Union. . . . information of the salient features of the rise and progress of the Irish Constitution" What he

gives us is an anecdotal chronicle of Irish Parliamentary life from 1769 to the Act of Union, with an introductory section (pp. 1-103) which contains what little Constitutional History there is in the book, and some appendices. The account of the last days of the Irish Parliament, taken largely from Lecky, is reasonably fair and accurate, but gives no evidence of independent research; the part devoted to Irish Constitutional History is painfully inadequate, a mere compilation from sources such as speeches of patriot politicians, an address to a Young Men's Christian Association and out-of-date historians. This is not the way Constitutional History is written.

The government of Ireland under the English Crown was carried on up to the end of the eighteenth century by a Chief Governor representative of the King, and by a Council (after 1230), which acted as a check upon his powers, while the legislative power was exercised by Parliaments (after 1296), the Privy Council of England (after 1495), and the Parliament of England. Great Councils of the notables and officers of State met at intervals also up to Stuart times with quasi-legislative powers. One would suppose that the first duty of a writer on Irish Constitutional History would be to state these facts, to describe the powers of each of these bodies, to show how they interacted, and how one or the other grew in importance. There is not a word about them. The Council was the chief executive power in the country, and for three centuries the originating source of Irish legislation, yet the only authority quoted on its powers is the frothy balderdash of Sir Frederick Flood, an Irish M.P.: "Every man will acknowledge that the Privy Council is a body of men not even known to our ancient Constitution, in whom the Constitution placed no confidence," etc. However great the permissible limits of ignorance in the case of an Irish member of Parliament, surely the bounds of academic decency are passed when a University professor quotes such stuff as this without note or comment.

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THE GREAT DECISION—No. 4.

"I look for a great awakening on the part of democracy in this matter of our children. It will come. We shall see that even from a material point of view it pays to keep children at school, educating them, training them, shaping them, until their characters are formed."

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It is important for the opponents of the Bill to realise that the two proposals we have mentioned are regarded by Educationists as merely *a first step to a real system of democratic Education.*

They are by no means exorbitant proposals. They represent in fact a minimum of democracy's demand for a fuller life. They do nothing more than give a reasonable chance to the children of this country to make the best of themselves.

Opposition to what is the chief aim of the present Bill will encounter the indignation of a democracy deeply in earnest, a democracy that will never abandon this minimum of its demand.

The new proposals stand for future efficiency in the business of the nation, instead of a policy of drift, and for evolution in politics, instead of revolution.

They are the first step on a new road towards British progress—the road to equality of opportunity. They are the first movements on the part of democracy towards a new life—the life of expansion.

No longer dare we trust our British fortunes to the luck of muddling through. *There is no muddling through in things of the mind.* The future of Britain demands organised, trained intelligence for her people.

The watchword for TO-DAY is "Prepare." The epitaph of TO-MORROW may be "Too late." We have been lagging behind other nations in our system of Education. We must catch up; we must entrench against future circumstance, we must create and maintain an educated democracy which will include the whole of the nation.

We cannot prepare too quickly, too earnestly, too thoroughly. The generation which must encounter the first shock of the future is already in danger. The disruptions of War have exposed it to a hundred perils. It is suffering already from depleted school staffs, the absence of father and brother at the front, the abnormal strain on young life in our workshops and factories.

The Education Bill now before Parliament aims to keep the mind of the child steadily moving in the path of intelligence, so that it may come to manhood with a right understanding of life, with a sense of loyalty to its country, and with education sufficient for all the tests of the future.

The passing of this Bill will assist our Nation to take a long stride upon the path towards a splendid future.

This is one of a series of articles upon the national necessity for the passage of the Education Bill, providing compulsory whole-time education until the age of 14 and compulsory part-time education for some years afterwards.

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It would take much space to point out all the egregious blunders of those behind whose authority Mr. MacNeill is sheltered, but some examples are necessary. Mr. MacNeill quotes Hooker's account of the Parliament (p. 400) seriously, apparently in entire ignorance that it is a translation of part of the "Modus Tenendi," an apocryphal production. He says. "The records of the Irish Star Chamber are out of the reach of the investigation of the historian." Some of them have been printed and presented to Parliament. No royal proclamation enforced the English liturgy on Ireland (p. 49). Mr. MacNeill attacks James I.'s creation of forty boroughs, which he calls "fraudulent" (p. 55). As a constitutional lawyer he must know that then and for half a century later such a creation was usual and perfectly legal, and as an historian he should know that the great majority of these boroughs are the most flourishing towns in Ireland, and that it was due to their existence that for the first time "mere Irish" had a seat in the Irish Parliament. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's account of the proceedings of the Parliament of 1613, as quoted by Mr. MacNeill (p. 54), is ludicrously inaccurate. The fact that "the native members withdrew in a rage (a notable instance of the secession from the House of Commons of an Opposition)" because they were not allowed to enter on the business of validating elections before choosing a speaker, had nothing in the world to do with the passing of an Act a year after, declaring "the territory of O'Neill and O'Donnell forfeited to the Crown." These are specimens of the inaccuracy involved by Mr. MacNeill's method, but if every word in the book were true, it is not the business of an historian to make second or tenth hand statements on trust. What the Irish ideal of an "accurate constitutional historian," to use Mr. MacNeill's words (p 59) may be, we cannot say, but we feel sure that in any other country than Ireland a University Professor would be expected to show himself familiar not only with the recent works on his subject, but also with the original documents on which they are based. It is to be hoped that some competent scholar will now take up the task of writing the Constitutional History of Ireland from the original documents.

FICTION IN BRIEF.

"Rose o' Paradise" (Mills and Boon, 6s. net) by G. M. White is the story of the youth of Virginia Singleton, a child brought up in a deserted village in the middle of the United States. She is sheltered by a Jewish cobbler when on the verge of starvation, develops a striking faculty as a fiddler and composer, is abducted by a wicked uncle, and ultimately marries one of the local celebrities. With all this, it is a book to be read.

"Cross Currents" (Ward, Lock, 5s. net) by Paul Urquhart, is quite a good mystery story. Paul Bedford is killed in the first few pages of the book and his body disappears. Sir Clifford Maxwell, a needy baronet who makes his living by working in the British Museum, finds himself launched by this into a sea of cross-currents, setting round the central mystery of the book which is only disclosed, or even hinted at, at the end of the book.

"Maitland of Castle Rough" (Jenkins, 5s. net) by T. A. Fraser follows its hero, a soldier of fortune, from the shores of the Solway to the Edinburgh of James VI, and thence to the Court of Henry of Navarre. There is plenty of vigorous fighting, and of the obtuse love-making in which soldiers of fortune (in novels) specialise—altogether a good example of this kind of romance. But the hero ought to have recognised his sweetheart much earlier.

"Before the Wind" (Dent, 6s. net) by Janet Laing is one of the most amusing stories we have read lately. Two old ladies, unwilling to break up their establishment in war-time, resolve to utilise it by taking in half-a-dozen "wrack-straws," persons of condition like themselves, who, unable to do much for their country, can thus set free their households for national service. One of these wrack-straws is personated by an adventuress, who sets out to make a haul of the jewellery of the party. A V.C.—wounded—acting as a chauffeur on the track of a spy—and a double love interest, also appear in the story.

"The Swirl" (Long, 6s. net) by Montie McGregor tells of the adventures of an American girl; in a convent, where she personally conducts an elopement of a sister with an artist, and in New York, where she falls in with a crowd of Bohemians while earning her living as a typist, until she meets the strong, silent Englishman, and is happy ever after. There is a reasonable infusion of American slang, and the second half of the book is full of the best kind.

"The Bride in Black" (Ward Lock, 5s. net) by A. and C. Askew is one of the stories depending on an unusual amount of human stupidity. A young gentleman agrees to marry a lady and part

with her at the church door without inquiry, on condition of receiving a handsome income. The rest of the book is spent on bringing them together and dissipating the various misunderstandings that arose in the process.

"Down under Donovan" (Ward Lock, 5s. net) by Edgar Wallace, starts in the Riviera, reaches a climax on the Derby Day, where Down under Donovan runs second and wins on an objection, and finishes with a mock marriage to a bold, bad baronet in a house-boat and a real one—or two—in near prospect. It is, as might be expected from its author, lively from start to finish.

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Ireland: Its Saints and Scholars (J. M. Flood). Fisher Unwin.
2s. 6d. net.

Peace of Mind, Essays and Reflections, Aug. 1914—Sept. 1917
(Anonymous). Melrose. 3s. 6d. net.

Social Evils and Problems (Prof. W. P. Peterson and Dr. David Watson). Blackwood. 3s. 6d. net.

Some Suggestions in Ethics (Bernard Bosanquet). Macmillan.
6s. net.

The Arab of Mesopotamia. *Times of India*. 1s. 6d.
The Essentials of American Constitutional Law (Francis N. Thorpe). Putnum. 9s. net.

The Great European Treaties of the 19th Century (Ed. by Sir Augustus Oakes and R. B. Morat). Oxford: Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d. net.

The Making of Gods (Henry P. Denison). Robert Scott.
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The Place of Laity in the Church (Ed. by W. J. Sparrow Simpson). Robert Scott. 3s. net.

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FICTION.

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The Saturday Review

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AVIATION.

The modern Icarus, climbing the edge of a cloud, occasionally finds time for thought concerning his own future.

The flying man is beginning to realise that he belongs to a profession hitherto unclassified. He wonders at odd times what the world will do with him and he with it after the war. He had, of course, a pre-aerial existence of sorts, a kind of half waking life, it may be, as a solicitor's clerk or a silk mercer's apprentice, but having tasted of the upper air, a return to any such mundane pursuit seems unthinkable. Nevertheless the war will come to an end some day, and it behoves him to consider how best to fit his gifts and accomplishments into the new order of things. As usual the prophets prophecy variously. Some say that the importance of the pilot's job will dwindle and diminish as the stability of the machine improves, until he becomes a mere creature of routine, hardly more important than the chauffeur or the engine driver of a locomotive. Others again, and these are the more hopeful vaticinators, see in the Air a new and splendid profession for adventurous youth. We believe that in this instance the optimists are in the right. Nothing can rob flying of the splendour and romance of a new achievement. Its glory will not fade in a generation. On the contrary, like Seamanship and Navigation, the art of Flight will grow and alter with each decade, and the gallant company of those who follow the new craft will develop in specialised knowledge and skill. Most certainly there will be room in that company, under peace conditions, for a large number of men of courage, enterprise and initiative, and it is certain also that unless the commercial exploiter is permitted to indulge in more than ordinary rapacity—the Airman of the future will secure handsome remuneration for his services.

All sorts of projects for the commercial development of Flight are literally—in the air. The historic air journey of the Handley Page biplane from London to Constantinople and the exploits of the Caproni machines in Italy have sufficiently demonstrated the possibilities

of world travel by aerial routes. As a profession, airmanship is, on no account, to be regarded as a blind alley.

Meantime its votaries are learning great lessons and accomplishing magnificent tasks in the stern school of war.

So notable have been the exploits of the British and Allied Air services during the last few weeks that they impart an air of movement and vivacity to what would otherwise be a stagnant month in the story of the great struggle.

On sea there has been no great naval action, on land vast armies watch each other in comparative immobility, but the Air record is full of incident.

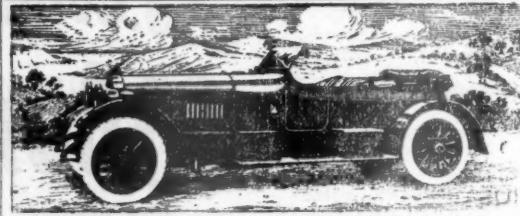
March the Sixth is a day which ought to be marked with a white stone.

On that day British aircraft reconnoitred all parts of the front and photographed the forward and back areas of the German lines. They dropped over 400 bombs and fired thousands of rounds from their machine guns at German infantry, batteries and transport. The result, in spite of the resistance of the enemy scouts, was a complete victory for our men, no less than twenty machines being lost to the enemy, ten brought down and ten driven down out of control. Sir Douglas Haig, in conveying well merited congratulations to the First Brigade of the Royal Flying Corps on this memorable piece of work, noted with satisfaction that all our aeroplanes returned safely.

Later records of the month are equally encouraging. It is calculated that the Australian Flying Corps alone shot down sixty-one enemy machines within six days.

On the sea a single British seaplane encountered on the 19th two enemy seaplanes, while flying over the Heligoland Bight some ten miles to the north-east of Borkum. There was a fight in the air. One enemy machine was driven down in flames, while, on our side, no injury was sustained.

From Salonika news comes of a Bulgar train derailed; railway stations bombed and a hostile aeroplane shot down into Lake Doiran.



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BRITAIN'S SUPREMACY IN THE AIR. FUTURE OF THE MOTOR INDUSTRY.

THE ADJOURNED FOURTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of D. Napier and Son, Limited, manufacturers of motor-cars and aero engines, was held at noon yesterday, at the company's registered offices, Acton, London, W.3.

Mr. H. T. Vane, C.B.E. (joint managing director), presided in the absence, through indisposition, of the chairman, Mr. Montague S. Napier.

The Secretary read the notice convening the meeting and the auditor's report.

Mr. Vane, in moving the adoption of the report, said: The financial position of your company as set out in the balance-sheet will, I think, be regarded as very satisfactory, especially when you take into consideration the abnormal conditions under which we have been working during the year. The increased cost of labour and material, and the delays experienced in obtaining delivery of the latter, have been serious difficulties to contend with, and I would like to record my thanks, as well as those of my co-directors, to the employees and staff who have put forth their best efforts to increase the output. The result has been that we have far exceeded any previous year's output, and it is our intention during the present year to endeavour to do even better in that direction when we have our new building complete, and our new plant in operation.

We were honoured by a visit to our works in November last from his Majesty the King. His Majesty made a most exhaustive tour of the various departments, and showed the keenest interest in our work, and then expressed and subsequently sent his best wishes for its success. I am hopeful of good results being obtained by this engine in actual service, and can assure you it will not be for want of any efforts on our part if it is not a great success. I am a strong believer in the future of aero engine manufacture. The requirements will be large, both for Government and civilian purposes, for I anticipate that aerial posts will be established between many points, apart from light freight and passenger planes. I think that Great Britain can fairly claim to hold the supremacy of the air at the moment, and it is my earnest desire that this company shall take its part in upholding that supremacy in future.

The future of the motor industry should be a bright one, especially in view of the way in which motor transport has proved its superiority over all other kinds of transport. There is great need, however, for proper adequate Government protection for the trade, especially during the few years following the conclusion of peace. We have to rebuild our sales organisations and to put our factories on a peace footing, which is very different from a war footing, and we look to the Government to aid the industry in this direction, especially having regard to the patriotic way in which the whole industry has adapted itself to Government requirements and loyally supported them during the course of the war. I have pleasure in reporting that since our last meeting Mr. Lindsley Byron Peters, M.I.M.E. (chairman of G. D. Peters and Co., Limited, director of Gwynnes, Limited), has been elected to the board of directors.

Mr. W. H. White (director) seconded the report, which was carried unanimously.

The Chairman then proposed that a final distribution by way of bonus be made to the ordinary shareholders of 1s. 6d. per share, free of income-tax.

Mr. L. Byron Peters said: I have very much pleasure in seconding this resolution. As you have heard, I only recently joined the board by the consent of your chairman and his co-directors. Before doing so I made searching inquiries with regard to the personnel and financial position of the company, and they are in all cases highly satisfactory. Your chairman (Mr. M. S. Napier) has a world-wide reputation in the motor industry, and it will never be forgotten that he designed and built the car that first won the Gordon-Bennett Cup (the Blue Riband of the motor world) for this country, and your company, which bears his name, has always held a leading position in the industry. Mr. Vane, your joint managing director, is a man of wide business experience, coupled with technical knowledge, and has been of great service to the country during the war. I am sure we all congratulate him on the honour he recently received from his Majesty the King. Mr. White is a man of figures, and I have been greatly impressed with the perfect system of accounts and records he has set out for the guidance and smooth working of your company. The accountant to-day plays an important part in all up-to-date concerns, where costing is a vital necessity. And last, but not least, Mr. Cooke represents law, and he sees that your company treads the straight path and keeps us out of trouble. It appears to me a unique quartette—the engineer, the business man, the accountant, and the lawyer. Modesty prevents me saying anything about myself, but I can assure my co-directors and shareholders that it will be my endeavour to work loyally with and for them to promote the interests of the company. And now just one word as to the financial standing of the company. The balance-sheet before you answers for itself, and I think you will all agree that all concerned—the board, staff, and employees—are to be congratulated on the results shown. It is a great regret to us all that Mr. Napier is not with us to-day, and I am sure I voice the wish of everyone in hoping that it will not be long now before he again resumes his active interest in the company. In any case, all connected with

the company consider it their duty to give of their best, and keep the name of Napier in the forefront of the motor industry.

THE EMPLOYER'S LIABILITY.

Lord Claud Hamilton, M.P., who presided yesterday at the thirty-seventh annual general meeting, said that the report and accounts now submitted were the best in the experience of the corporation, and he was glad to be able to state that they neither showed nor contained any weak spot in any class of their business, or in any allied or neutral country in which they were established, in a more or less degree as to the ultimate result of the very One subject for congratulation was the removal of the anxiety felt great increase in the corporation's casualty or workmen's compensation business in the United States owing to its being the outcome of new legislation. They had now three or more years' experience, and though it was too early to say that it could be run at a profit, it might be assumed that such business could be carried, if wisely selected, without the risk of heavy loss. The accounts showed total premiums for the year of £3,396,000, against £2,456,000 in the previous year, an increase of £940,000. This increase was derived from almost every country where they operated and in every class of business. The great increase was again, as last year, in America. The payments under policies amounted to £1,554,700, or 45.8 per cent., against £1,193,000 in the previous year, an increase of £361,700, but a decrease in percentage of 2.8. The commission paid amounted to £693,900, against £563,300, and the expenses of management were £255,200, against £179,500. The reserve for unexpired risks stood at £1,371,300, compared with £982,400, and the reserve for outstanding losses was £1,185,300, as compared with £905,800, a year ago. The total fund amounted to £2,556,600, compared with £1,888,300 at December 31st, 1916. The balance of revenue account transferred to profit and loss was £238,700, or an increase of £203,200. In paying the dividend of 20s. a share free of tax the shareholders must not overlook the fact that the corporation was paying on their behalf a further £25,000 in respect of income-tax. The interest arising from their investments as they stood on January 1st this year was approximately £130,000 per annum. The investments amounted at December 31st last to £3,126,500, or an increase of £515,800. The depreciation on their investments of £261,100 was fully protected by the investment reserve fund of £267,400. The fire business had steadily improved, and the volume of the marine insurance business had come fully up to their expectations.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted, and a resolution was also unanimously passed increasing the remuneration of the board from £5,000 to £8,000.

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The warning issued by the directors of the Central Argentine Railway that the payment of the interim dividend on the preference stock does not imply that the full dividend for the whole year to June 30 will be forthcoming, is either very timely or ultra-conservative. A few weeks ago the gross receipts showed an aggregate decrease of £500,000 as compared with the previous year; but since then big increases have been recorded, as the line has been carrying record traffics, and it is reasonable to expect that these increases will be maintained during the next three months when the returns will compare with very poor earnings a year ago. It is quite possible therefore that by the end of June the gross receipts will show an improvement of £500,000 for the year as compared with 1916-17.

With such a prospect it would appear hardly necessary to alarm stockholders by suggesting that the full preference dividend will not be paid; but everything depends upon working expenses, which are likely to be even higher than last year having regard to the strikes and disturbances in December last and the damage reported to have been done to property. These considerations led the boards of the Buenos Ayres Western and the Buenos Ayres Great Southern Railways to refrain from paying interim dividends on their ordinary stocks; but the Central Argentine board took a further precaution in paying their preference dividend, as it were, under protest.

It is practically impossible to make an exact estimate of operating expenses at present, but although they may work out higher than a year ago the companies hold the benefit of the large advance in freight rates of 22 per cent., which to some extent will counteract the increased cost of fuel. Another factor to be borne in mind is capital expenditure. This has been severely restricted owing to high cost of, and difficulty in obtaining, materials and also because it has been impossible to raise fresh capital. Some work, however, necessarily has to be done and it is essential therefore to keep a good cash balance. But when all the adverse conditions have been considered the ultimate outlook for the railways looks encouraging. Two-and-a-half-million tons of grain bought by the Allied Governments have to be moved and it may be assumed that the vessels going out to the Argentine will carry coal and possibly other exports from Europe which will form traffic for the railways.

Looking further ahead, when the war is over and shipping is available there should be a boom in South American trade. For many months imports have been severely restricted and there has been little, if any, up traffic for the lines. As soon as conditions permit the revival of import trade, the Argentine will once more display its remarkable recuperative power and the railways will experience a corresponding recovery. The smaller lines—the Entre Ríos, the Argentine North Eastern, the Córdoba Central and the Buenos Ayres and Pacific—are showing substantial recoveries in gross takings and it appears that purchasers of stock in this market who are prepared to put their holdings away for a time will reap considerable advantage both in income and capital appreciation.

In the Home Railway Market conditions are somewhat reversed as the attraction of the junior securities consists in the yield of income given at present prices. North Western's paying 6 per cent., yield 6½ per cent., Midland Deferred, paying 4 per cent., give a yield of nearly 7½ per cent. at the current quotation and a similar return is offered by Brighton Deferred, Great Northern Deferred and Great Eastern, while Great Westerns and North Easterns provide about £6 18 6d. per cent., Lancashire and Yorkshire give about 7 per cent. and Hull and Barnsley as much as 7½ per cent. These dividends will be maintained while the war lasts and for some time after, as State control will certainly not be relaxed until demobilisation and other peace problems have been solved, and there is a chance in a few cases of the dividends being increased for the current year although, perhaps, too much reliance should

not be placed on that expectation. The more remote future of Home Railways is verily on the knees of the gods. As far as the immediate outlook is concerned it might pay to sell Argentine Railways and buy the best English Railways as an exchange. A higher income for the present year would unquestionably be obtained; but Argentine prospects as far as they can be gauged are good enough to make any holder hesitate to sell now. The recovery in prices may be delayed but it will surely come.

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